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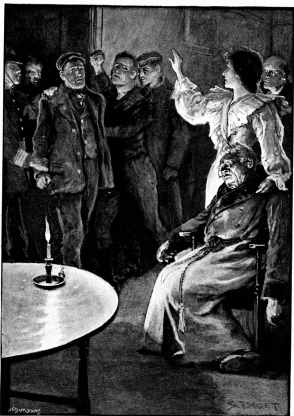
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"DO NOT HURT HIM," SAID SHE; "I THINK THAT HIS PUNISHMENT  
MAY SAFELY BE LEFT TO THE LAW."

(See page 252.)



# THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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## *Round the Fire.*

### X.—THE STORY OF B 24.

(AS ADDRESSED TO MAJOR MERIVALE, INSPECTOR OF PRISONS.)

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



TOLD my story when I was taken, and no one would listen to me. Then I told it again at the trial—the whole thing absolutely as it happened, without so much as a word added. I set it all out truly, so help me God, all that Lady Mannering said and did, and then all that I had said and done, just as it occurred. And what did I get for it? "The prisoner put forward a rambling and inconsequential statement, incredible in its details, and unsupported by any shred of corroborative evidence." That was what one of the London papers said, and others let it pass as if I had made no defence at all. And yet, with my own eyes I saw Lord Mannering murdered, and I am as guiltless of it as any man upon the jury that tried me.

Now, sir, you are there to receive the petitions of prisoners. It all lies with you. All I ask is that you read it—just read it—and then that you make an inquiry or two about the private character of this Lady Mannering, if she still keeps the name that she had three years ago, when to my sorrow and ruin I came to meet her. You could use a private inquiry agent or a good lawyer, and you would soon learn enough to show you that my story is the true one. Think of the glory it would be to you to have all the papers saying that there would have been a shocking miscarriage of justice if it had not been for your perseverance and intelligence! That must be your reward, since I am a poor man and can offer you nothing. But if you don't do it, may you never lie easy in your bed again! May no night pass that you are not haunted by the thought of the man who rots in gaol because you have not done the duty which you are paid to do! But you will do it, sir, I know. Just make one or two inquiries, and you will soon find which way the wind blows. Remember, also, that

the only person who profited by the crime was herself, since it changed her from an unhappy wife to a rich young widow. There's the end of the string in your hand, and you only have to follow it up and see where it leads to.

Mind you, sir, I make no complaint as far as the burglary goes. I don't whine about what I have deserved, and so far I have had no more than I have deserved. Burglary it was, right enough, and my three years have gone to pay for it. It was shown at the trial that I had had a hand in the Merton Cross business, and did a year for that, so my story had the less attention on that account. A man with a previous conviction never gets a really fair trial. I own to the burglary, but when it comes to the murder which brought me a life—any judge but Sir James might have given me the gallows—then I tell you that I had nothing to do with it, and that I am an innocent man. And now I'll take that night, the 13th of September, 1894, and I'll give you just exactly what occurred, and may God's hand strike me down if I go one inch over the truth.

I had been at Bristol in the summer looking for work, and then I had a notion that I might get something at Portsmouth, for I was trained as a skilled mechanic, so I came tramping my way across the south of England, and doing odd jobs as I went. I was trying all I knew to keep off the cross, for I had done a year in Exeter Gaol, and I had had enough of visiting Queen Victoria. But it's cruel hard to get work when once the black mark is against your name, and it was all I could do to keep soul and body together. At last, after ten days of wood-cutting and stone-breaking on starvation pay, I found myself near Salisbury with a couple of shillings in my pocket, and my boots and my patience clean wore out. There's an ale-house called "The Willing Mind," which stands on the road between Blandford and Salisbury, and it was there that

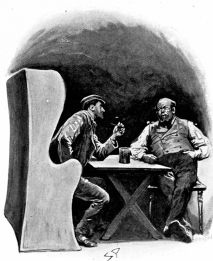
night that I engaged a bed. I was sitting alone in the tap-room just about closing time, when the innkeeper—Allen his name was—came beside me and began yarning about the neighbours. He was a man that liked to talk and to have someone to listen to his talk, so I sat there smoking and drinking a mug of ale which he had stood me; and I took no great interest in what he said until he began to talk (as the devil would have it) about the riches of Mannering Hall.

I said nothing, but I listened, and as luck would have it he would always come back to this one subject.

"He was a miser young, so you can think what he is now in his age," said he. "Well, he's had some good out of his money."

"What good can he have had if he does not spend it?" said I.

"Well, it bought him the prettiest wife in England, and that was some good that he got out of it. She thought she would have



"HE BEGAN TO TALK ABOUT THE RICHES OF MANNERING HALL."

"Meaning the large house on the right before I came to the village?" said I. "The one that stands in its own park?"

"Exactly," said he—and I am giving all our talk so that you may know that I am telling you the truth and hiding nothing. "The long white house with the pillars," said he. "At the side of the Blandford Road."

Now I had looked at it as I passed, and it had crossed my mind, as such thoughts will, that it was a very easy house to get into with that great row of ground windows and glass doors. I had put the thought away from me, and now here was this landlord bringing it back with his talk about the riches within.

the spending of it, but she knows the difference now."

"Who was she, then?" I asked, just for the sake of something to say.

"She was nobody at all until the old Lord made her his Lady," said he. "She came from up London way, and some said that she had been on the stage there, but nobody knew. The old Lord was away for a year, and when he came home he brought a young wife back with him, and there she has been ever since. Stephens, the butler, did tell me once that she was the light of the house when first she came, but what with her husband's mean and aggravatin' ways, and

what with her loneliness—for he hates to see a visitor within his doors; and what with his bitter words—for he has a tongue like a hornet's sting, her life all went out of her, and she became a white, silent creature, moping about the country lanes. Some say that she loved another man, and that it was just the riches of the old Lord which tempted her to be false to her lover, and that now she is eating her heart out because she has lost the one without being any nearer to the other, for she might be the poorest woman in the parish for all the money that she has the handling of."

Well, sir, you can imagine that it did not interest me very much to hear about the quarrels between a Lord and a Lady. What did it matter to me if she hated the sound of his voice, or if he put every indignity upon her in the hope of breaking her spirit, and spoke to her as he would never have dared to speak to one of his servants? The landlord told me of these things, and of many more like them, but they passed out of my mind, for they were no concern of mine. But what I did want to hear was the form in which Lord Mannering kept his riches. 'Titled-deeds and stock certificates are but paper, and more danger than profit to the man who takes them. But metal and stones are worth a risk. And then, as if he were answering my very thoughts, the landlord told me of Lord Mannering's great collection of gold medals, that it was the most valuable in the world, and that it was reckoned that if they were put into a sack the strongest man in the parish would not be able to raise them. Then his wife called him, and he and I went to our beds.

I am not arguing to make out a case for myself, but I beg you, sir, to bear all the facts in your mind, and to ask yourself whether a man could be more sorely tempted than I was. I make bold to say that there are few who could have held out against it. There I lay on my bed that night, a desperate man without hope or work, and with my last shilling in my pocket. I had tried to be honest, and honest folk had turned their backs upon me. They taunted me for theft; and yet they pushed me towards it. I was caught in the stream and could not get out. And then it was such a chance: the great house all lined with windows, the golden medals which could so easily be melted down. It was like putting a loaf before a starving man and expecting him not to eat it. I fought against it for a time, but it was no use. At last I sat up on the side of my bed, and I

swore that that night I should either be a rich man and able to give up crime for ever, or that the irons should be on my wrists once more. Then I slipped on my clothes, and, having put a shilling on the table—for the landlord had treated me well, and I did not wish to cheat him—I passed out through the window into the garden of the inn.

There was a high wall round this garden, and I had a job to get over it, but once on the other side it was all plain sailing. I did not meet a soul upon the road, and the iron gate of the avenue was open. No one was moving at the lodge. The moon was shining, and I could see the great house glimmering white through an archway of trees. I walked up it for a quarter of a mile or so, until I was at the edge of the drive, where it ended in a broad, gravelled space before the main door. There I stood in the shadow and looked at the long building, with a full moon shining in every window and silvering the high stone front. I crouched there for some time, and I wondered where I should find the easiest entrance. The corner window of the side seemed to be the one which was least overlooked, and a screen of ivy hung heavily over it. My best chance was evidently there. I worked my way under the trees to the back of the house, and then crept along in the black shadow of the building. A dog barked and rattled his chain, but I stood waiting until he was quiet, and then I stole on once more until I came to the window which I had chosen.

It is astonishing how careless they are in the country, in places far removed from large towns, where the thought of burglars never enters their heads. I call it setting temptation in a poor man's way when he puts his hand, meaning no harm, upon a door, and finds it swing open before him. In this case it was not so bad as that, but the window was merely fastened with the ordinary catch, which I opened with a push from the blade of my knife. I pulled up the window as quickly as possible, and then I thrust the knife through the slit in the shutter and prized it open. They were folding shutters, and I shoved them before me and walked into the room.

"Good evening, sir! You are very welcome!" said a voice.

I've had some starts in my life, but never one to come up to that one. There, in the opening of the shutters, within reach of my arm, was standing a woman with a small coil of wax taper burning in her hand. She

was tall and straight and slender, with a beautiful white face that might have been cut out of clear marble, but her hair and eyes were as black as night. She was dressed in some sort of white dressing-gown which flowed down to her feet, and what with this robe and what with her face, it seemed as if

with which I had opened the shutter. I was unshaven and grimed from a week on the roads. Altogether, there are few people who would have cared to face me alone at one in the morning; but this woman, if I had been her lover meeting her by appointment, could not have looked upon me with a more wel-



"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!" SAID SHE.

a spirit from above was standing in front of me. My knees knocked together, and I held on to the shutter with one hand to give me support. I should have turned and run away if I had had the strength, but I could only just stand and stare at her.

She soon brought me back to myself once more.

"Don't be frightened!" said she, and they were strange words for the mistress of a house to have to use to a burglar. "I saw you out of my bedroom window when you were hiding under those trees, so I slipped downstairs, and then I heard you at the window. I should have opened it for you if you had waited, but you managed it yourself just as I came up."

I still held in my hand the long clasp-knife

coming eye. She laid her hand upon my sleeve and drew me into the room.

"What's the meaning of this, ma'am? Don't get trying any little games upon me," said I, in my roughest way—and I can put it on rough when I like. "It'll be the worse for you if you play me any trick," I added, showing her my knife.

"I will play you no trick," said she. "On the contrary, I am your friend, and I wish to help you."

"Excuse me, ma'am, but I find it hard to believe that," said I. "Why should you wish to help me?"

"I have my own reasons," said she; and then suddenly, with those black eyes blazing out of her white face: "It's because I hate him, hate him, hate him! Now you understand."

I remembered what the landlord had told me, and I did understand. I looked at her Ladyship's face, and I knew that I could trust her. She wanted to revenge herself upon her husband. She wanted to hit him where it would hurt him most—upon the pocket. She hated him so that she would even lower her pride to take such a man as me into her confidence if she could gain her end by doing so. I've hated some folk in my time, but I don't think I ever understood what hate was until I saw that woman's face in the light of the taper.

"You'll trust me now?" said she, with another coaxing touch upon my sleeve.

"Yes, your Ladyship."

"You know me, then?"

"I can guess who you are."

"I daresay my wrongs are the talk of the

"No, your Ladyship."

"Shut the shutter behind you. Then no one can see the light. You are quite safe. The servants all sleep in the other wing. I can show you where all the most valuable things are. You cannot carry them all, so we must pick the best."

The room in which I found myself was long and low, with many rugs and skins scattered about on a polished wood floor. Small cases stood here and there, and the walls were decorated with spears and swords and paddles, and other things which find their way into museums. There were some queer clothes, too, which had been brought from savage countries, and the lady took down a large leather sack-bag from among them.

"This sleeping-sack will do," said she.



"NOW COME WITH ME."

county. But what does he care for that? He only cares for one thing in the whole world, and that you can take from him this night. Have you a bag?"

"Now come with me, and I will show you where the medals are."

It was like a dream to me to think that this tall, white woman was the lady of the

house, and that she was lending me a hand to rob her own home. I could have burst out laughing at the thought of it, and yet there was something in that pale face of hers which stopped my laughter and turned me cold and serious. She swept on in front of me like a spirit, with the green taper in her hand, and I walked behind with my sack until we came to a door at the end of this museum. It was locked, but the key was in it, and she led me through.

The room beyond was a small one, hung all round with curtains which had pictures on them. It was the hunting of a deer that was painted on it, as I remember, and in the flicker of that light you'd have sworn that the dogs and the horses were streaming round the walls. The only other thing in the room was a row of cases made of walnut, with brass ornaments. They had glass tops, and beneath this glass I saw the long lines of those gold medals, some of them as big as a plate and half an inch thick, all resting upon red velvet and glowing and gleaming in the darkness. My fingers were just itching to be at them, and I slipped my knife under the lock of one of the cases to wrench it open.

"Wait a moment," said she, laying her hand upon my arm. "You might do better than this."

"I am very well satisfied, ma'am," said I, "and much obliged to your Ladyship for kind assistance."

"You can do better," she repeated. "Would not golden sovereigns be worth more to you than these things?"

"Why, yes," said I. "That's best of all."

"Well," said she. "He sleeps just above our head. It is but one short staircase. There is a tin box with money enough to fill this bag under his bed."

"How can I get it without waking him?"

"What matter if he does wake?" She looked very hard at me as she spoke. "You could keep him from calling out."

"No, no, ma'am, I'll have none of that."

"Just as you like," said she. "I thought that you were a stout-hearted sort of man by your appearance, but I see that I made a mistake. If you are afraid to run the risk of one old man, then of course you cannot have the gold which is under his bed. You are the best judge of your own business, but I should think that you would do better at some other trade."

"I'll not have murder on my conscience."

"You could overpower him without harming him. I never said anything of murder. The money lies under the bed. But if you are faint-hearted, it is better that you should not attempt it."

She worked upon me so, partly with her scorn and partly with this money which she held before my eyes, that I believe I should have yielded and taken my chances upstairs, had it not been that I saw her eyes following the struggle within me in such a crafty, malignant fashion, that it was evident she was bent upon making me the tool of her revenge, and that she would leave me no choice but to do the old man an injury.



"HIT! SHE WHISTLES."

or to be captured by him. She felt suddenly that she was giving herself away, and she changed her face to a kindly, friendly smile, but it was too late, for I had had my warning.

"I will not go upstairs," said I. "I have all I want here."

She looked her contempt at me, and there never was a face which could look it plainer.

"Very good.

You can take these medals. I should be glad if you would begin at this end. I suppose they will all be the same value when they are melted down, but these are the ones which are the rarest, and, therefore, the most precious to him. It is not necessary to break the locks. If you press that brass knob you will find that there is a secret spring. So! Take that small one first—it is the very apple of his eye."

She had opened one of the cases, and the beautiful things all lay exposed before me. I had my hand upon the one which she had pointed out, when suddenly a change came over her face, and she held up one finger as a warning. "Hist!" she whispered. "What is that?"

Far away in the silence of the house we heard a low, dragging, shuffling sound, and the distant tread of feet. She closed and fastened the case in an instant.

"It's my husband!" she whispered. "All right. Don't be alarmed. I'll

arrange it. Here! Quick, behind the tapestry!"

She pushed me behind the painted curtains upon the wall, my empty leather bag still in my hand. Then she took her taper and walked quickly into the room from which we had come. From where I stood I could see her through the open door.

"Is that you, Robert?" she cried.

The light of a candle shone through the door of the museum, and the shuffling steps came nearer and nearer. Then I saw a face in the doorway, a great, heavy face, all lines and creases, with a huge curving nose and a pair of gold glasses fixed across it. He had to throw his head back to see through the glasses, and that great nose thrust out in front of him like the beak of some sort of fowl. He was a big man, very tall and burly, so that in his loose dressing-gown his figure seemed to fill up the whole doorway. He had a pile of grey, curling hair all round his head, but his face was clean-shaven. His mouth was thin and small and



"HE STOOD THERE HOLDING THE CANDLE."

prim, hidden away under his long, masterful nose. He stood there, holding the candle in front of him, and looking at his wife with a queer, malicious gleam in his eyes. It only needed that one look to tell me that he was as fond of her as she was of him.

"How's this?" he asked. "Some new tantrum? What do you mean by wandering

about the house? Why don't you go to bed?"

"I could not sleep," she answered. She spoke languidly and wearily. If she was an actress once, she had not forgotten her calling.

"Might I suggest," said he, in the same mocking kind of voice, "that a good conscience is an excellent aid to sleep?"

"That cannot be true," she answered, "for you sleep very well."

"I have only one thing in my life to be ashamed of," said he, and his hair bristled up with anger until he looked like an old cockatoo. "You know best what that is. It is a mistake which has brought its own punishment with it."

"To me as well as to you. Remember that!"

"You have very little to whine about. It was I who stooped and you who rose."

"Rose!"

"Yes, rose. I suppose you do not deny that it is promotion to exchange the music-hall for Mannerling Hall. Fool that I was ever to take you out of your true sphere!"

"If you think so, why do you not separate?"

"Because private misery is better than public humiliation. Because it is easier to suffer for a mistake than to own to it. Because also I like to keep you in my sight, and to know that you cannot go back to him."

"You villain! You cowardly villain!"

"Yes, yes, my lady. I know your secret ambition, but it shall never be while I live, and if it happens after my death I will at least take care that you go to him as a beggar. You and dear Edward will never have the satisfaction of squandering my savings, and you may make up your mind to that, my lady. Why are those shutters and the window open?"

"I found the night very close."

"It is not safe. How do you know that some tramp may not be outside? Are you aware that my collection of medals is worth more than any similar collection in the world? You have left the door open also. What is there to prevent anyone from rifling the cases?"

"I was here."

"I know you were. I heard you moving about in the medal room, and that was why I came down. What were you doing?"

"Looking at the medals. What else should I be doing?"

"This curiosity is something new." He looked suspiciously at her and moved on towards the inner room, she walking beside him.

It was at this moment that I saw something which startled me. I had laid my clasp-knife open upon the top of one of the cases, and there it lay in full view. She saw it before he did, and with a woman's cunning she held her taper out so that the light of it came between Lord Mannerling's eyes and the knife. Then she took it in her left hand and held it against her gown out of his sight. He looked about from case to case—I could have put my hand at one time upon his long nose—but there was nothing to show that the medals had been tampered with, and so, still snarling and grumbling, he shuffled off into the other room once more.

And now I have to speak of what I heard rather than of what I saw, but I swear to you, as I shall stand some day before my Maker, that what I say is the truth.

When they passed into the outer room I saw him lay his candle upon the corner of one of the tables, and he sat himself down, but in such a position that he was just out of my sight. She moved behind him, as I could tell from the fact that the light of her taper threw his long, lumpy shadow upon the floor in front of him. Then he began talking about this man whom he called Edward, and every word that he said was like a blistering drop of vitriol. He spoke low, so that I could not hear it all, but from what I heard I should guess that she would as soon have been lashed with a whip. At first she said some hot words in reply, but then she was silent, and he went on and on in that cold, mocking voice of his, nagging and insulting and tormenting, until I wondered that she could bear to stand there in silence and listen to it. Then suddenly I heard him say, in a sharp voice, "Come from behind me! Leave go of my collar! What! would you dare to strike me?" There was a sound like a blow, just a soft sort of thud, and then I heard him cry out, "My God, it's blood!" He shuffled with his feet as if he was getting up, and then I heard another blow, and he cried out, "Oh, you she-devil!" and was quiet, except for a dripping and splashing upon the floor.

I ran out from behind my curtain at that, and rushed into the other room, shaking all over with the horror of it. The old man had slipped down in the chair, and his dressing-gown had rucked up until he looked as if he had a monstrous hump to his back. His head, with the gold glasses still fixed on his nose, was lolling over upon one side, and his little mouth was open just like a dead fish.



I could not see where the blood was coming from, but I could still hear it drumming upon the floor. She stood behind him with the candle shining full upon her face. Her lips were pressed together and her eyes shining, and a touch of colour had come into each of her cheeks. It just wanted that to make her the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life.

"You've done it now!" said I.

"Yes," said she, in her quiet way, "I've done it now."

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "They'll have you for murder as sure as fate."

"Never fear about me. I have nothing to live for, and it does not matter. Give me a hand to set him straight in the chair. It is horrible to see him like this!"

I did so, though it turned me cold all over to touch him. Some of his blood came on my hand and sickened me.

"Now," said she, "you may as well have the medals as anyone else. Take them and go."

"I don't want them. I only want to get away. I was never mixed up with a business like this before."

"Nonsense!" said she. "You came for the medals, and here they are at your mercy. Why should you not have them? There is no one to prevent you."

I held the bag still in my hand. She opened the case, and between us we threw a hundred or so of the medals into it. They were all from the one case, but I could not bring myself to wait for any more. Then I made for the window, for the very air of this house seemed to poison me after what I had

seen and heard. As I looked back, I saw her standing there, tall and graceful, with the light in her hand, just as I had seen her first. She waved good-bye, and I waved back at her and sprang out into the gravel drive.

I thank God that I can lay my hand upon my heart and say that I have never done a

murder, but perhaps it would be different if I had been able to read that woman's mind and thoughts. There might have been two bodies in the room instead of one if I could have seen behind that last smile of hers. But I thought of nothing but of getting safely away, and it never entered my head how she might be fixing the rope round my neck. I had not taken five steps out from the window skirting down the shadow of the house in the way that I had come, when I heard a scream that might have raised the parish, and



“SHE STOOD BEHIND HIM.”

then another and another.

"Murder!" she cried. "Murder! Murder! Help!" and her voice rang out in the quiet of the night-time and sounded over the whole country-side. It went through my head, that dreadful cry. In an instant lights began to move and windows to fly up, not only in the house behind me, but at the lodge and in the stables in front. Like a frightened rabbit I bolted down the drive, but I heard the clang of the gate being shut before I could reach it. Then I hid my bag of medals under some dry fagots, and I tried to get away across the park, but someone saw me in the moonlight, and presently I had half-a-dozen of them with dogs upon my heels. I crouched down among the

brambles, but those dogs were too many for me, and I was glad enough when the men came up and prevented me from being torn into pieces. They seized me, and dragged me back to the room from which I had come.

"Is this the man, your Ladyship?" asked the oldest of them—the same whom I found out afterwards to be the butler.

She had been bending over the body, with her handkerchief to her eyes, and now she turned upon me with the face of a fury. Oh, what an actress that woman was!

"Yes, yes, it is the very man," she cried. "Oh, you villain, you cruel villain, to treat an old man so!"

There was a man there who seemed to be a village constable. He laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"What do you say to that?" said he.

"It was she who did it," I cried, pointing at the woman, whose eyes never flinched before mine.

"Come! come! Try another!" said the constable, and one of the men-servants struck at me with his fist.

"I tell you that I saw her do it. She stabbed him twice with a knife. She first helped me to rob him, and then she murdered him."

The footman tried to strike me again, but she held up her hand.

"Do not hurt him," said she. "I think that his punishment may safely be left to the law."

"I'll see to that, your Ladyship," said the constable. "Your Ladyship actually saw the crime committed, did you not?"

"Yes, yes, I saw it with my own eyes. It was horrible. We heard the noise and we came down. My poor husband was in front. The man had one of the cases open, and was filling a black leather bag which he held in his hand. He rushed past us, and my husband seized him. There was a struggle, and he stabbed him twice. There you can see the blood upon his hands. If I am not mistaken, his knife is still in Lord Mannerling's body."

"Look at the blood upon her hands!" I cried.

"She has been holding up his Lordship's head, you lying rascal," said the butler.

"And here's the very sack her Ladyship

spoke of," said the constable, as a groom came in with the one which I had dropped in my flight. "And here are the medals inside it. That's good enough for me. We will keep him safe here to-night, and to-morrow the inspector and I can take him into Salisbury."

"Poor creature," said the woman. "For my own part, I forgive him any injury which he has done me. Who knows what temptation may have driven him to crime? His conscience and the law will give him punishment enough without any reproach of mine rendering it more bitter."

I could not answer—I tell you, sir, I could not answer, so taken aback was I by the assurance of the woman. And so, seeming by my silence to agree to all that she had said, I was dragged away by the butler and the constable into the cellar, in which they locked me for the night.

There, sir, I have told you the whole story of the events which led up to the murder of Lord Mannerling by his wife upon the night of September the 14th, in the year 1894. Perhaps you will put my statement on one side as the constable did at Mannerling Towers, or the judge afterwards at the county assizes. Or perhaps you will see that there is the ring of truth in what I say, and you will follow it up, and so make your name for ever as a man who does not grudge personal trouble where justice is to be done. I have only you to look to, sir, and if you will clear my name of this false accusation, then I will worship you as one man never yet worshipped another. But if you fail me, then I give you my solemn promise that I will rope myself up, this day month, to the bar of my window, and from that time on I will come to plague you in your dreams if ever yet one man was able to come back and to haunt another. What I ask you to do is very simple. Make inquiries about this woman, watch her, learn her past history, find out what use she is making of the money which has come to her, and whether there is not a man Edward as I have stated. If from all this you learn anything which shows you her real character, or which seems to you to corroborate the story which I have told you, then I am sure that I can rely upon your goodness of heart to come to the rescue of an innocent man.

## A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

*[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]*

### PART III. — 1855 TO 1859.



N picking out these pictures from *Punch* one is guided by the common wish to get other people to share a pleasure, rather than by an acutely critical examination of the pages of *Punch*.

It is pleasant to say, as one turns over the



1.—BY LEECH. 1855.

leaves of this absolutely unique periodical—"Look at this, isn't it good? And there's a fine bit by Leech. Here's a strong cartoon by Tenniel—what d'ye think of that? This is funny—and look at the clever drawing of this one—isn't *Punch* fine? And don't you wish you had a complete set?"

Of course, the difficulty is to decide what to show, for although one gets into these pages as many of the *Punch* pictures as possible, one can show here only about three pictures, on the average, out of each of the half-yearly volumes of *Punch*, and thus there is considerable hesitation in the final choice, which is made after a process of weeding-out which runs through four or five stages of decreasing bulk, the first stage of selection including ten or twelve times as many pictures as are finally chosen.

However, the final choice from Mr. Punch's rich store has to be made, and in making it with the full consciousness of committing

sins of omission, I can only hope to do justice to Mr. Punch and to please my readers who, in my fancy, are turning over his pages with me.

By the way, the present Part of this article is remarkable for containing two cartoons which are perhaps the masterpieces of John Leech and of Sir John Tenniel—I refer to Nos. 3 and 20, of which more anon.

Glancing at Leech's sketch in No. 1, we come to his picture No. 2, which brings home to us the horrible mismanagement of the War Office during the Crimean War, which left our soldiers to endure the Russian winter without proper clothing or food—a scandal that Mr. Punch handled severely in other pictures than that now shown.

In connection with this graphic picture by Leech it is interesting to refer to Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," where under the heading "A Black Winter" the historian narrates some of the almost incredible blunders that make this picture No. 2 stand out even now as a vivid bit of truth and in no way as an exaggeration:—

The winter (1854-1855) was gloomy at home as well as abroad. The news constantly arriving from the Crimea told only of devastation caused by fires far more formidable than the Russians—sickness, bad weather, bad management. . . . On shore the sufferings of the Army were unspoken. The tents were torn from their pegs and blown away. . . . The hospitals for the sick and wounded at Scutari were in a wretchedly disorganized condition. . . . In some instances medical stores were left to decay at Varna, or were found lying useless in the holds of vessels in Balaklava Bay, which were needed for the wounded at Scutari. . . . Great consignments of boots arrived, and were found to be all for the left



2.—A REMINISCENCE OF THE COMMISSARIAT SCANDAL DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR; BY LEECH. 1855.



"GENERAL FÉVRIER" TURNED TRAITOR.

"RUSSIA'S ADVANTAGE BY THE TREATY"—"GENERAL FÉVRIER" TURNED TRAITOR.—(SEE TEXT FOR DESCRIPTION.)

3.—ONE OF LEECH'S MOST FAMOUS CARTOONS. 1855. (SEE TEXT FOR DESCRIPTION.)

foot. Mules for the conveyance of stores were contracted for and delivered, but delivered so that they came into the hands of the Russians and not of us. Shameful frauds were perpetrated in the instance of some of the contracts for preserved meat. "One man's preserved meat," exclaimed *Punch*, with bitter humour, "is another man's poison." . . .

Happily, we have learned the lesson from the miseries of our soldiers here illustrated by John Leech; and in Lord Kitchener's recent Nile campaign, home and foreign expert opinion is that the very difficult problems of supply, transport, and railway construction were as well thought out and administered as was the actual fighting part of that brilliantly successful piece of long-headed calculation, which, after three years' working out, culminated in the Omdurman victory of September 2, 1898.

The cartoon in No. 3 is a splendid conception—it is probably Leech's masterpiece among his political pictures. The Emperor Nicholas I. of Russia, whom the united public opinion of Europe regarded as the

author of the Crimean War, boasted, in a speech delivered shortly before his death, that "Russia has two generals upon whom she can always rely—General Janvier and General Février." This cynical boast of Nicholas alluded to the severity of the Russian climate during the months of January and February, upon which the Russian Emperor relied to greatly reduce by death the forces allied against him in the Crimea.

On March 2, 1855, Nicholas died of pulmonary apoplexy, after an attack of influenza—his "General Février" had turned traitor. Leech's genius seized the chance, and on March 10, 1855, *Punch* published the picture now shown in No. 3.

General February [Death in a Russian General's uniform] places his deadly hand on the Emperor's breast, and the icy cold of the Russian winter—the Emperor's trusted ally—kills the very man who lately had uttered the boast just quoted.

The splendid genius of Leech was doubtless quickened by Leech's own feelings at that time, for we in this country were enraged to know of the unnecessary sufferings of our troops during the Crimean winter; and Leech surpassed himself when he drew this powerful and dignified picture—one of the most famous cartoons that *Punch* has ever published.



4.—AN EARLY CARICATURE OF MR. GLADSTONE. 1855.



5.—OF DECEIT. 1855.

Picture No. 4 shows Mr. Gladstone as a fractious infant being lured by Mr. Punch with the refrain, "Kertch-e-Kertch-e." This refers to the capture of the seaport town Kertch in the Crimea by the allied forces, an event that was thought to be not welcome to the advocates of Peace, amongst whom was Mr. Gladstone, and who was averse to continuing the war with Russia for the purpose of "prostrating the adverse party." But as the "adverse party" was Russia, against whom feeling ran strongly, the public was not in the mood to agree with the Peace party, and so Mr. Gladstone incurred the popular displeasure which had already been meted out to John Bright, to Cobden, and to the other members of what was then regarded as the "Peace-at-any-price," or "pro-Russian,"



6.—A ROMANCE OF 1856.

party. This No. 4 was published June 16, 1855; in September of that year we took Sebastopol, and the Crimean peninsula was not evacuated by the British and French troops until July 12, 1856.

The same number of *Punch* which contains No. 4 also contains the following humorous "Russian Account of the Lord Mayor," and relates to the siege of Sebastopol, which had then (June, 1855) lasted eight months:—



7.—IN FEBRUARY, 1855.

(From the "Inevitable Russian.")

The visit of the Lord Mayor of London to the Hotel de Ville confirms the report alluded to by Lord Campbell in the *Mansion House dinner*, that as a last resource England would put forth all her energies against the brave defenders of Sebastopol, by sending the Lord Mayor of her Metropolis in person to take the command of her troops in the Crimea. But holy Russia, in the confidence of faith, anticipates her triumph over this tremendous adversary. Our readers may desire to obtain some authentic information respecting the powerful opponent with whom our valiant army will have to contend. The Lord Mayor is the greatest man in the City of London, being of colossal stature, and proportional bulk, insomuch that his weight amounts to many pounds. He is, indeed, a giant of such enormous dimensions that more than 750 turkeys (large soap dishes) of real turtle are required for the Lord Mayor's dinner. He is the chief of fifteen other monsters called Aldermen, and a head taller than any of them. His driving vessel is termed the *Loving Cup*; when filled with spiced wine it takes two or three hundred ordinary Englishmen to drink up its contents. He wears a huge chair, by which he drags his cognates, and besides a sword, which is as much as one man, that one being a man of his own order, can carry: he is armed with a huge sash by which he is able to level a multitude at a blow. The mere sight of this terrible weapon suffices to maintain order among the London mob.

Besides the fifteen Aldermen, there are also two other Giants under the command of the Lord Mayor, nearly as big as himself: they are called *Gog* and *Magog*, or the *City Giants*, and they will accompany their leader to the Crimea. Strong, however, in the orthodox faith, our soldiers will hard back the impious defiance of this boastful Giant, and many a hero in their ranks will be found ready to go forth to meet him in single combat, nothing doubtful of gaining the victory over him, and laying his head at the feet of our august Emperor.



8.—THE INVENTION OF THE STICKY FLU-PAPER. 1855.





11.—A PEEF INTO. 1857.

been calling attention to the necessity for military reform, and in the issue for May 19, 1855, there is a cartoon entitled "Military



12.—A PEEF INTO. 1857.

THE STATE BUTLER

Gets up Another Bottle of Fine Old Smoke.

13.—A PEEF INTO. 1857.

Reform—A Noble Beginning. H.R.H. P. A. Resigning his Field-Marshal's Bâton and Pay."

The verses accompanying this cartoon are:—

#### PRINCE ALBERT'S EXAMPLE.

A caskworm was gnawing at the heart of England's Oak,  
 And paly threatened its great arms that braced the thunder-  
 stroke;

Its glories crown was fading, and our foes began to boast,  
 "Behold the Oak is rotting and the axe is at its root."

Aristocratic vermin did offices infest,

Not the Best men, but such men as lackeys call the Best,  
 Men with the very richest kind of fluid in their veins,  
 But men whose little heads inclosed exceedingly poor brains.

Etc., etc., etc.

"That cry," said he [Prince Albert.—J. H. S.] "is just; it is a  
 shame and a disgrace

That any but a proper man should be in any place;

An end must to this wrong be put; there is no doubt of that;

Someone the movement must begin—myself shall bell the cat."

[Here are four verses describing how Prince Albert publicly  
 resigned his Field-Marshal's Bâton and Pay, as not being  
 entitled to them.—J. H. S.]

The concluding verse being:—

Then every Lord incapable, and every booby Duke,  
 Accepted at their Prince's hands a lesson and a reuke;  
 They cast away their offices; their places up they threw,  
 And England's Oak revived again and England thrived anew.

*Punch* has never hesitated to use plain speech, and as *Punch* is essentially an expresser of public opinion as well as a leader of it, plain words are the best sort of words for Mr. *Punch* to use, being, as he is, a powerful mouthpiece of an essentially plain-speaking nation.

There is a funny little sketch in No. 11, and in No. 12 we have a very



13.—A PEEF INTO. 1857.

good cartoon showing Lord Palmerston, who was Prime Minister in 1857, as The State Butler taking out "Another Bottle of Fine Old Smoke."



14.—A REMINISCENCE OF THE LONDON GARROTERS OF 1856.

labelled "Queen's Speech" from the special bin containing Royal Speeches.

Notice that Palmerston has in his mouth [at the right corner] the straw that was so often seen in the *Punch* portraits of him.

This insertion of a straw in Lord Palmerston's mouth is one of *Punch's* fancy touches,



15.—THE HORSE GARDEN, 1857.

of which the Gladstone collar, the exaggerated lankiness of Mr. Balfour, the elephantine bulk of Sir William Harcourt, etc., are other and more familiar examples to us of the present day. Mr. Spielmann refers to this Palmerston-straw in his "History of *Punch*," and writes:—

Palmerston, of course, never did chew straws; but one was adopted as a symbol to show his cool and sportive nature. Many a time has that straw formed the topic of serious discussion by serious writers. . . . However, it is certain that the sprig of straw, which really referred only to his pure devotion to the Turf, from 1815 onwards, was first used in 1851 . . . and, as a matter of fact, added not a little to Palmerston's popularity, as not only representing the Turf, but a Sam Weller-like calmness, alertness, and good-humour.

No. 13 is by Leech, and in No. 14 we have a reminder of the garroting-terror of



16.—THE OLD STYLE OF OMNIBUS HORSE, 1857.

the London streets in the year 1856. These garrote-robberies, to which *Punch* made several references with a view to their suppression, were silently committed in the



17.—A LADY-SHOCKER OF 1857. BY LEECH.





ILL.—BY LEECH. 1858.

London streets by compressing the victim's windpipe until he became insensible. The crime was usually done at night by three men: the *fore-stall*, or man who walked before the intended victim; the *back-stall*, who walked behind the victim; and the actual operator, who was called the *nasty-man*. The part of the two "stalls" was to conceal the crime, give alarm of danger, carry off the booty, and facilitate the escape of the *nasty-man*.

Mr. Punch invented the collar

seen in No. 14, to prevent the grip of the *nasty-man* taking effect upon the windpipe of his victim.

Glancing at Nos. 15 and 16, we see in No. 17 a girl of the period [A.D. 1857] astonishing her old-gentleman fellow-passenger by pulling out her cigar-case in the railway compartment. Then, ladies preferred cigars, but now, as a rule, they smoke cigarettes.



19.—A STREET INCIDENT OF 1857.

Nos. 18 and 19 bring us to Tenniel's masterpiece—No. 20. This splendid drawing was published as a double-page cartoon in *Punch* on August 22, 1857; it was suggested to John Tenniel by Shirley Brooks, one of Mr. Punch's great stars, who, in 1870, succeeded Mark Lemon as Editor.

This picture is one of the famous "Carnaport Cartoons," in which Tenniel expressed the feelings of horror and of revenge which all England experienced



20.—ONE OF MR. JOHN TENNIEL'S MASTERPIECES DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY. 1857.



JUSTICE.

86.—ANOTHER OF THE FAMOUS CARTOONS BY TENNIEL. 1857.

at the news of the treacherous brutalities of the Sepoy mutineers. The Cawnpore massacre of women and children by the order of in-



"AND THE WAVE A GOOD WARMING BEING SENT"

88.—HEAVEN FORGIVE! 1858.

famous Nana Sahib had occurred in the June of 1857, and when *Punch* published this picture, we had just sent off thirty thousand British troops from home to India. Lucknow

had not then been relieved by Havelock and Outram, nor had Delhi been re-taken by our men.

Even now, more than forty years since Tenniel drew this avenging lion leaping on the snarling tiger, this picture stirs the blood, and the more when we recall that Nana Sahib was actually asked to go into Cawnpore with his guns and men to help old Sir Hugh Wheeler against the mutineers. Sir Hugh was in command of the garrison, and he was seventy-five years old when he asked for help from the treacherous Dandhu Panth—the Nana Sahib of the most infamous page of the world's history.

The next picture, No. 21, was published September 12, 1857, and it tells us something of what our men did to avenge Cawnpore. The country was furious for revenge, and our troops took it to the full after they had looked down the well by the trees in the garden at Cawnpore, and had seen that long pit choked up with massacred Englishwomen and children.

A soldier who was there, and who had seen things [there is no name for the things he saw], once told me that they would pile up a heap of

Sepoys dead or wounded, pour oil over them, and then set fire to the pile—our troops were simply mad with the lust of revenge, and no power on earth could have held them back, and one could not blame them after hearing,



FIELD MARSHAL PUNCH PRESENTS A "LITTLE SOUVENIR" TO COLONEL R.R.E. THE PRICE OF WALES

89.—THE PRICE OF WALES AN COLONEL, AT AGE SEVENTEEN. 1858.



24.—BY LEECH. 1858.

as I did at first hand, of the nameless things that were done to our kinsfolk in India.

The verses in *Punch* facing the picture in No. 21 show very plainly what the feeling was in this country, even among men who had not seen the sights that our troops in India saw:—

Who pokes about mercy? The agonised wail  
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet sickens the air,  
And echoes still shudder that caught on the gale,  
The mother's—the mother's wild scream of despair.

Who pokes about mercy? That word may be said  
When steel, and and sated, perfumes must retire,  
And, for every soft hair of each dearly-loved head,  
A cord has dispatched a foul fiend to hell-fire.

The Avengers are marching—force eyes in a glow:  
Too vengeful for crimes are liplocked like those—  
But hearts hold two prayers—to come up with the foe,  
And to hear the great blast that gives signal to close.

Etc., etc., etc.

And terrified India shall tell to all time  
How Englishmen paid her for murder and lust;  
And stained not their fame with one spot of the crime  
That brought the rich splendour of Delhi to dust.

*Punch* had no patience with that party at home who urged mercy, and who feared that, in avenging Cawnpore and the other horrors of the Mutiny, we should go too far and disgrace our name by treating the enemy's women as they had treated ours. Notice in the picture, No. 21, that Tenniel has been careful to show the Indian women grouped behind Justice, mourning, but unharmed by our men as these march annihilating the treacherous mutineers, with Justice leading them on.



25.—BY LEECH. 1859.



THE "SILENT HIGHWAY"-MAN.

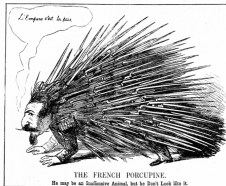
"FOR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!"

26.—ILLUSTRATING THE UNSANITARY CONDITION OF THE RIVER THAMES BEFORE THE EMBANKMENTS WERE BUILT. 1858.

However, let us follow our Mentor, *Punch*, and pass from grave to gay by looking now at the funny sketch in No. 22.

No. 23 shows Field-Marshal Punch presenting the "Life of Wellington" to the Prince of Wales, who at age seventeen became a Colonel in the British Army. This was published November 20, 1858.

Earlier in the same Volume, No. XXXV. of Mr. Punch's long row of 115 Volumes, there is on page 53 another curious example of *Punch's* way of forecasting things or events which later become actualities. For the mention of this example I am indebted



27.—BY LEECH. 1899.

to Mr. Spielmann, and it is interesting as anticipating the Missing-Word Competitions of a few years ago which were then so popular. Here is the piece from *Punch*, published August 7, 1858:—

**BIRD-FANCIERS  
AND BEARD-FANCIERS.**

Omitting the first word, we print the following advertisement verbatim from the *Times* :—

To Short-Faced Beard-Fanciers.—The owner of a good stud of blue and silver beards, feeling anxious to improve the breed, is open to Show a Silver Bearded Hen against all England for a match of two guineas.—Address, Mr. William Squire, Chymist, Hanwell, W.

We have not any wish to be thought a sporting character, nor to have our office mistaken for a betting-office; but we are open to a wager, with any lady reader, that she will not in six guesses name the word we have omitted; . . .

Speculation on the points which we above have mooted might, of course, have been prevented by insertion of the word we have omitted; and we might create a spurious excitement by announcing that the word would be "given in our next." . . . We will therefore keep our readers no longer in suspense, and without beguiling them to pay another threepence by withholding what is now within our power to print, we will state that the word "Pigeons" headed the advertisement. . . .



28.—BY LEECH. 1858.



29.—AN INCIDENT OF AN AUTHOR'S LIFE. 1899.

The preceding statement was published, as I have said, in 1858, and thirty-four years later, in 1892, the idea here set out by Mr. Punch attained its full development in the great Missing-Word Competitions of that year.

No. 24 shows to us *Punch's* old friend, Mr. Briggs, engaged in a very unsuccessful attempt to initiate some horse-taming experiments, which just then, in 1858, were attracting public notice.

No. 25 is a rather gruesome picture of the state of the River Thames before the Embankments were built and when the river

was a common muck-receiver, and was thus a danger to life. *Punch* with his usual sagacity advocated the spending of the necessary money to remedy such a bad state of things, and here we see the position pithily summed up in the words: "Your money or your life."

No. 26 is funny.

The extraordinary cartoon in No. 27 is a very clever thing by Leech. It represents Napoleon III. as a porcupine, bristling with French bayonets in place of quills, and the cartoon refers to the contradiction between Napoleon's words "L'Empire c'est la paix" [The Empire is Peace], and the fact that simultaneously with the expression of this peaceful sentiment, a large increase was being made in the military armament of France. This military growth in France naturally attracted our attention, and Leech drew this very clever cartoon, which is additionally interesting as a *tour de force* by Leech, for he proposed the idea and drew the picture in two hours, time being very scant that week in March, 1859, owing to an exceptional postponement of the usual Wednesday *Punch*-dinner, at which the forthcoming cartoon is chosen.

Passing Nos. 28, 29, and 30, we come to the cartoon in No. 31, which was published March 5, 1859, just forty years ago. But we have



THE QUEEN IN HER STORE-ROOM.

San Ramon to the Factory District. - ( ) DON'T KNOW WHAT NAME HADDER, MR. HILL, NOT KNOWN OLD

51.—FORTY YEARS AGO, PUBLISHED MARCH 2, 1890.

He has not had to do so, as regards any of his Continental neighbours, since that day of March, 1859, when *Punch* published this picture we are now looking at—and may another forty years be added to those forty which have gone without dimming the sense of this picture, before Mr. Bull has to weigh out his "dry powder" upon a large pair of scales.

No. 12 shows to us the bucolic aggression



30.—A STUDENT'S SARCOPHAGUS OF 1860.

the same Queen who is here seen in her Store-Room, and that Queen has the same Faithful Servant to whom she says to-day, as she said forty years ago, "I don't know what may happen, Mr. Bull, but 'Keep our Powder Dry.'" And Mr. Bull, of Her Majesty's [War] Store Room, may be trusted to obey his Queen's order, although he heartily wishes that he may not have to unpack his stores for many a year to come.



At a dinner given by the Lord Boscawen to the crew of the *Tenacity*, Captain Boscawen, in raising up a toast to the ship's surgeon, said, addressing it with some rhyme, rather on cue, "Yours Man! On all yar sons o' that is a Man!"

tion of curaçoa by Lord Broadacres' farmer-tenant, who wants "zum o' that in a Moog."

Leech's picture in No. 33 introduces the Duke of Edinburgh for the first time, I believe, into the pages of *Punch*. This cartoon was published May 14, 1859, when it was proposed to increase our Navy, and the young Prince Alfred was then entered on the books of the *Euryalus*. The Duke was at that time fifteen years of age, and Leech has, for some reason not known to me, represented him as quite a small boy of five or six years old.

The very funny picture, No. 34, which comes next, is probably a representation by Leech of his own sufferings from noise of all sorts. Leech had an absolute horror of street and other noises, and Mr. F. G. Kitton has recorded, in his *Biographical Sketch of John Leech*, that when



33.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON ENTERING THE NAVY. BY LEECH, 1859.

who had gone into the country to have a quiet night.

I have compared a

good portrait of Leech with the distracted face of the man in bed, and it seems to me that, Leech has here drawn a portrait of himself.



34.—BY LEECH. 1859.

(To be continued.)

## "Biggest on Record."

By GEORGE DOLLAR.

L



OL. TAPLEY, who lives in Spencerberg, Missouri, has the longest beard on record. It measures 10ft. 8in. in length, and reaches to the ground, where it lies extended in a snake-like curl. The owner of this remarkable hirsute curiosity is a wealthy farmer and prominent citizen of Missouri, born in 1831. Thirty-five years ago he let his beard begin to grow, and as he comes of a long-lived family and enjoys splendid health, the beard promises to reach a length of 20ft. In fact, when the photo. shown herewith was taken on August 31st, 1896, the beard was but 9ft. 2in. in length.

Where does Mr. Tapley keep his beard? Inside his shirt bosom, of course, but carefully rolled up in a silk bag, from which he extracts it when surrounded by admirers. He dresses it with the best of oils, and combs it with a specially-made wooden comb. It is related that on a certain occasion, in Chicago, Mr. Tapley took his beard out to show to some small boys on the street, when he was immediately surrounded by a throng that blocked the traffic and necessitated the police.

A dime museum proprietor now offered Mr. Tapley an enormous salary to enter his exhibit as a star attraction, but the long-bearded man was too good a citizen and too

well-to-do to accept such an offer, and his life is now spent in quiet at Spencerberg.

Regarding the genuineness of the beard, we ourselves possess excellent proof, but on this point Mr. Tapley himself writes: "There would be no use in trying to palm off anything that was not genuine here, as

I am known by almost every man, woman, and child in the neighbourhood, and as I am now living within one mile of the place where I was born."

It is the intention of this short series of articles thus to illustrate some of the more remarkable oddities in the world, which may fairly claim the title under which we write. We shall spare nothing which is well known, provided it is bigger than something else of the same kind. We shall, in short, have a little of everything, and the variety of stuff will probably amaze our readers as much as it amazed us when we first began to handle the material.

Let us then jump at once from whiskers to primroses. We have at the top of the next page an illustration of a curious bunch containing over seventy primroses all on one stem, which, according to Mr. Thomas W.

Collins, of Bugbrooke, grew on an ordinary single red primrose in the garden of Miss Frost of that place. Until we hear of something larger than this beautiful bunch of lavish blooms we shall make bold to class it amongst the largest things yet known.



THE LONGEST BEARD ON RECORD.  
*From a Photograph.*



From 61 THE LARGEST BUNCH OF PRIMROSES. [Photograph.]

Nearly everyone who goes to Jersey brings home a walking-stick made of the dried stalks of Jersey cabbages; and those who live far away from Jersey, and have never been to it, will take it with a grain of salt that cabbages *do* grow up in the air. But here is a picture for proof. Some of the vegetables grow to the amazing height of 10ft., and the figure in the foreground of our illustration gives an approximate idea



From 61 THE TALLEST CABBAGES. [Photograph.]

of the comparative sizes of a man and a Jersey cabbage. The man does not eat the cabbage. It is, in simple language of the primers, eaten by animals; and although it has nothing to do with the subject, we might add that these cabbages cannot be made to grow at Guernsey.

In dealing with these vegetable record growths we must not forget that soil and climate have much to do with the subject. Therefore it would not be unusual



From 61 THE TALLEST SUNFLOWER. [Photograph.]

to find sunflowers growing in the Canary Islands to a height of 10ft. or 12ft. The sunflower shown in the illustration above, sent by Miss J. de Forssmann, of Arguillon, Puerto Cruz, Teneriffe, Canary Isles, was but four months old when cut down in the middle of August last, and measured 12ft. 7in. in height. When photographed it had one hundred and twenty-three single flowers, with brown centres, all in



bloom. Two feet from the ground the stem measured 6in. in circumference. No cause is known for its abnormal growth, as it was self-sown, like many others.

On this page we have the biggest lily and the biggest thistle yet photographed. The first of these, photographed by E. L. Jackson, of Oakbank, St. Helena, grew at Oakbank.



FIGURE 4. THE TALLEST ST. JOHN'S LILY. (Photograph.

Unfortunately, it was not possible to photograph it where it grew, as it was blocked by a hedge of jasmine and camellia. It was taken out and tied to a banana tree, by which change the height of this beautiful plant is more easily to be seen. It stood over 8ft. above ground, the usual height of these St. John's lilies being from 2½ft. to 3ft.

About this size, also, is the ordinary thistle. But here is one 5ft. in height, which, on account of its unusual growth, was secured by the Ipswich Scientific Society, and presented to the Ipswich Museum. It was



FIGURE 5. THE TALLEST THISTLE. (Rev. Vic. Ipswich.

photographed by Mr. William Vick, of London Road, Ipswich, and consists of a number of stems all from one root, fasciated in one stem 7in. broad and about 1in. thick. It had twenty-two flower heads, and, as Mr. Vick writes, "a head somewhat like the common cockscomb of our gardens." It is on account of the absence of any standard of measurement in the photo, that we are particular in this case, as in others, to give the exact measurements.

He who has sent in the next photograph, Mr. William P. Skelton, of *The Lakes Herald*,

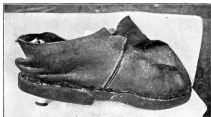


FIGURE 6. THE BIGGEST SHOE.

(Frank Robinson, Boston.

Windermere, says: "It is not on record whether Wordsworth in his boyhood at ancient Hawkshead ever made this clog the subject of a sonnet—it is worth it!" We might disagree with this verdict, but not with the probability that the famous clog of Hawkshead is the biggest shoe on record. It is now on view at an old-fashioned hostelry, "The Brown Cow," and used to be worn by a mole-catcher named John Waterson, of Outgate, near Windermere Lake. Waterson lived to a great age, and had a most remarkable foot. The clog measures 20in. in length, over 8in. wide at the bottom, 16in. from welt to welt across the front, 22in. around the back, from tab to tab, and the length of the heel 7in. One would suppose that any living man would be able to get his foot into such an inclosure, but suppositions cannot always be trusted. It was not before Mr. Waterson had cut the boot down in front, and inserted laceholes to make it wider, that he was able to put his foot in it.

Ipswich, by the way, contains not only the biggest thistle, but the biggest boy on record—at least, the biggest boy for his years. He is the son of Mr. Arthur Partridge, a farm-

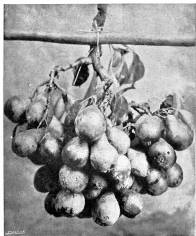


THE LARGEST BOY.  
From a Photo. by John Goodrich & Son, Ipswich.

tion was grown at Gaddesden Place, Herts, by T. F. Halsey, Esq., M.P. There were over a hundred pears on the bunch, which was

photographed after a few of the pears had dropped off. Hundreds who saw this on exhibition were of the opinion that it was the largest bunch ever grown. But as we have no statistics from California and other fruit-growing countries on which to base an opinion, we dare only to say that it is the biggest bunch on record in England.

The everyday farmer will be astonished at the largest single-furrow plough in the world, which we illustrate



THE LARGEST BUNCH OF PEARS.  
From a Photo. by J. Dunn, Ranelagh, Montreal.



[Frontal]

THE BIGGEST PLOUGH.

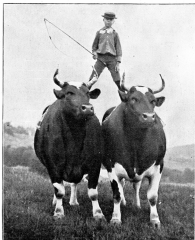
[Photograph.]

herewith, and will wonder what the giant was ever created for. According to Mr. W. R. Mason, of Bakersfield, Kern Co., California, who sent in the photograph, the plough cuts a furrow 4ft. wide, and was originally built for the purpose of making irrigation canals. It was, however, found to be too unwieldy for the purpose, as it took eighty teams of oxen to draw it. Those who are curious to see this Californian folly will find it in the possession of the Kern County Land Company. It certainly deserves a place in our lively category of immensities.

We now approach a more "meaty" subject—Nature's bovine noblemen, or the finest yoke of mammoth-matched oxen in the world. We are indebted for the photograph to Mrs. E. N. Holt, of Orlando, Florida. The oxen are owned

by a resident of Buckland, Mass., who with just pride has exhibited them at numerous agricultural shows and state fairs in the United States and Canada, and the manner in which these Titans have walked off with first prizes is wonderful indeed. They are like elephants in size, their actual weight at the age of eight years

being 7,300lb., 17 hands high, 10ft. in girth, 15ft. in length, and 15ft. 11in. from tip to tip. They are unequalled for size, quality, mating, and beauty. They have a record for hauling on the ground on a drag a dead weight of 11,061lb. Had this mammoth pair been put in front of the Kern County plough, it is not unlikely that the irrigation canals would have been cut and the largest plough in the world saved from destruction and decay.



[Frontal]

THE LARGEST TEAM OF OXEN.

[Photograph.]



BY BASIL MARNAN.

I.

"**N**DARE not risk it, Mrs. Orme! The river is running strong now. Those five poor beasts would be nowhere in mid-stream."

And Reuben Jessop pointed with his long whip to the outspanned bullocks that stood knee-deep in the rising waters of the Molopa River. Sorry beasts they were, and scraggy indeed, with no tails, with but patches of hair on their hard, polished hides, their mouths dripping, their eyes red and fierce. For "lung-sick" had reduced the transport rider's team of sixteen to the five doomed remnant now before him. His face was gloomy enough in the strong glare of the mid-day sun as he looked over the river and scanned the surrounding country, with ever and again a furtive glance at the woman at his side. Mile after mile the veld swept on, a rolling, billowy sea of freshening grass; up above a sky utterly cloudless, pitiless in its strenuous burning light; the river rolling on placidly enough as yet at their feet, yet with a suspicious tinge as of mud in its blue waters, and a faint singing hum in the laughter of its ripples—a hum that, to the trained ear of Reuben, spoke of wild torrents racing, foaming, bubbling down

the hollows and creeks and hill-sides, turbulent with the flood and menace of the first rains of the season.

In the tent of his waggon was a wounded trooper on the way to Mafeking, and the woman by his side was a nurse who had volunteered for the front, only to be sent back with the first victim of Galiswe's rebellion. The escort had left them two days back. And now they were in the angle of the slight spur that borders the Transvaal State, the angle that Bechuanaland makes with the River Molopa, whose head waters rise in the kloofs and kopjes that surround the little township of Zeemst. And that river they had to cross.

There is something infinitely mournful in the aspect of a waggon outspanned by a river in the midst of a great stretch of veld. The battered, travel-stained tarpaulin of the tent, the dirt-choked wheels, the bit of sacking or the frayed edge of a tattered garment that marks the driver's seat, the pole lying inert on the ground, the weary, listless look of the tired beasts—everything seems to accentuate the insignificance of man and the illimitable character of his surroundings.

And as they stood now taking in the scene, Reuben Jessop looked and felt very anxious.

"Is it so very necessary to cross at once?" Mrs. Orme asked him. She was a pretty little woman, whose sad face and grey hair contrasted strangely with her youthful appearance.

"Absolutely necessary," said Reuben. "It's this way, Mrs. Orme. Any one of these smooth-looking billowy crests we have been crossing may conceal an impi who have struck our spoor. The last three days' rain has flooded the up-waters. Watch the river and see the signs of driftwood in it—twigs, grasses, and things of that kind. By dawn to-morrow it will be a banker with twenty feet of water in mid-stream, and we shall be landed here for a month perhaps, which won't give poor Corporal Borman much chance."

"But how *can* you get any more cattle?" asked the nurse, anxiously.

"How, indeed!" echoed Jessop. "There's not a kraal within twenty miles inhabited. The men are away to the Great Place with Jantje. The women are up in the kloofs with such beasts as the rinderpest has spared."

"But the Boers? Could you not ride into the Transvaal? There used to be a farm near here. I remember the spot so well."

"You! Mrs. Orme!" exclaimed Reuben. "I had no notion you had been here before."

"It was here that in flying from the Boers in the war before '84 I lost my husband and daughter. Oh, you can't think how I hate and dread these African drifts, Mr. Jessop. Our waggon overturned, and my darlings were swept away in that great, rushing, yellow flood." Ruth Orme's pale face grew even paler at the memory. "My husband was discovered later with his head all laid open, but my little daughter Ruth was never found."

"Ruth!" repeated Jessop, a sudden gleam lighting up his eyes. "How old would your daughter be now if she had lived?" he inquired. "Twenty? Ah!" and he began loading his pipe meditatively.

At that juncture the wounded man demanded Mrs. Orme's attention, and she did not notice the strange expression which had come into the transport rider's rugged face. He was of the type that has made South Africa. A big, clean-limbed, broad-shouldered Yorkshireman he was, hard and tireless and undaunted as his native scars, with a face tanned to a dusky red, and set round with a beard and hair of that mellow gold one sees on the harvest wains as the reapers chant

the sun's requiem. The long, tawny locks gave an almost leonine look to the face in spite of its leanness and length. But with all his grimness and size, and lithe, steel-like swing of limb and body that seemed to indicate a character stark and dour, the eyes of the man betrayed a treasure store of tenderness somewhere in his nature. And now as he looked over the river their limpid, soft brown was glowing with a light very tender indeed as he murmured to himself, with a swift look after the retreating figure of the nurse:—

"By Jove! How curious it would be! I had no idea she was Fred Orme's widow. Why, I used to fag for him at Giggleswick. And little Ruth! Twenty years, eh? And I always felt dead certain she never came of that Boer stock. She has given me 'no' twice; but now I'll look in there again, and on pretence of getting cattle see if she has changed her mind, and try and pump Oom Bothe as to her parentage."

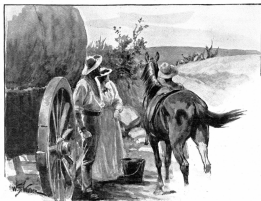
"Bring me the horse, Sammy," he called out to the Fingo leader, the one boy he always took with him as driver or leader of the team. He walked over to the waggon, which was standing at the entrance of the gap leading down to the drift or ford. On one side the plain rolled away westwards following the bend of the river, on the other the bank rose up some thirty or forty feet. He had driven his waggon well under this bank, and as near to the water as possible in order to provide as efficient defence as was practicable against any attack. Nor were his precautions ill-advised, for as Sammy appeared with the horse, a party of some twenty Bechuana came into sight on the top of one of the ridges, to drop down instantly into the grass, and vanish from sight. With a muttered curse Reuben took down the three Lee-Metfords and loaded the magazines.

"Are you a good shot?" he asked Mrs. Orme.

"Yes," she said, simply, as she took the carbine from him. Frontier women are rarely fussy.

"Hand a gun up here," came in a weak voice from the tent. "I've just got a nigger's head in lovely target. I can fire all right lying down. Don't you trouble, nurse. I shan't move more than if our friend's bullocks were tossing me between the back rails."

It had been the work of a moment to secure the horse in front of the waggon, so that he was covered from the rebels. Sammy



"A PARTY OF SOME TWENTY BECHUANAS CAME INTO SIGHT."

was armed with an old Snider. With it he had once hit an ant-heap at about a hundred yards, and had contemplated the devastation with a joy and pride nothing had ever since eradicated. No persuasion would have induced him to exchange a weapon which could make a wound about 2ft. across for one whose bullet only made a hole like a dart. So Sammy hugged his Snider, lying under the waggon, with his black eyes glistening and his teeth showing—for all the world, a human spaniel on the watch.

The attack was not long in coming. A rustle in the grass, the upleaping of a score of black forms, a wild yell, the clash of assegai blades, the whirr of their flight, and the little band of rebels dashed across the eighty yards that separated them from the booty that seemed so easy of conquest.

"Hold your fire, boys," said Reuben. "Lie down, Mrs. Orme, behind the awning. I'll give you the word. Don't hurry yourself. Sammy, you silly devil, take your gun from between my legs. Now! Let 'em have it!"

The savages were within forty yards before Reuben gave the word. Sammy had forgotten to take his trigger off half-cock, and in a curiously pidgin English was trying to blaspheme. But from the Lee-Metfords the deadly hail of lead poured forth with startling precision. At the first three reports, three Bechuanas rolled over biting at the grass. But that was to be expected, and the rest

came on. But guns that fire for ever! Woy! As shot after shot pinged into the ochred bodies with that little deadly sizzle as the bullet bit the flesh, the rebels paused, broke, and then incontinently fled, leaving seven of their number dead.

"Excellent, Mrs. Orme!" exclaimed Reuben. "You were cool as a cucumber."

"I hope I didn't hit any of the poor things," was the answer. "But do you see they have driven off the cattle?"

"Yes!" Reuben replied. "And it means that now I *must* ride in to Bothe's, and see if they will lend or sell me a team. But those brutes would think it a joke to leave some English people to be chewed up by the Kaffirs. However, I must do my best. It's an hour's ride in, nearly. I reckon I shall be back in about two hours."

And as he swung himself on his horse, Reuben turned to Mrs. Orme and said:—

"Keep a sharp look-out for natives, though they won't attack now till nightfall, if then. And, Mrs. Orme, I hope to have some news for you when I return."

And with a wave of his hand he dug his heels into his horse and dashed off over the veld.

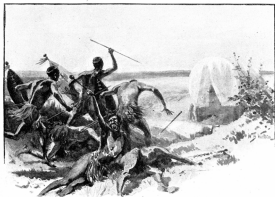
## II.

BOTHE'S FARM near Langeberg was *en fite*. Few farmers beyond the Vaal had a goodlier yard of cattle and a fatter store of grain than had Oom Bothe. His cattle "ran" for

miles around, and it was only lately that he had built a new brick residence destined for his son and his son's intended bride. This last was none other than the girl Ruth, the invocation of whose name had stirred Reuben Jessop to such a glow of tenderness. Known all round as Ruth Bothe, it was, nevertheless, common knowledge that Ruth was no child of the old farmer, though he claimed her for

tiny little dimple that looked like a laugh of a Cupid bubbling through a rose leaf, and with eyes, large, dark, flashing, tender, soft, and pleading, showing a hundred fleeting moods in every hour—Ruth was indeed at once the tyrant and dispute of that part of the Transvaal.

Of all her suitors, Oom Bothe's son, Carl, she loathed perhaps most. Carl acted as



"THREE BUSHMAN ROLLED OVER."

niece, having brought her in one day during the war thirteen years before. Among the callow and somewhat camel-faced maidens of the Transvaal Ruth shone as a star amid turnips. Not that she was particularly beautiful. She wasn't. But she was alive, with a vivid, electrifying, communicative vitality which made all those around her feel in her presence as though the sunshine were chasing the wind over the laughter of blue waters. Neither tall nor short, with a figure whose full, round curves were yet perfectly harmonious with the lithe, lissom swing of youth, she was just a healthy, well-developed, womanly girl of nearly twenty summers, with very little nonsense in her head, and a fresh, maidenly heart beneath a breast ever prone to beat in sympathy with the cause of the oppressed. With dark, wavy hair and olive complexion, a rather pert nose and chin, a mouth generous, mischievous, by turns wistful and wooing, and turning up at the corners, and hovering in the most distracting way over a

field cornet to his district, and looked upon himself as the angel the Lord had designed for the protection and patronage of President Kruger. He was a long, thin, weedy young man, whom excessive dissipation in Johannesburg bars and among the kraals of the natives had reduced to a state of dilapidated dandy-dom. His father looked on him as a model of wisdom and intelligence, and in private had long decided to bestow on him the hand of Ruth. That Ruth should dream of resisting never occurred to the Boer. He looked on her as a pet slave. He had picked her up a wet, unconscious child on the banks of the Molopa thirteen years ago—a waif, a pauper. Who was she to question his disposition of her, and to his son, too? He had noticed with no little suspicion and resentment the attentions of the roinek Jessop. He was not half satisfied at the casual way they appeared to have met and chatted at the banks of the drift, and did not see the necessity of the Englishman's confounded impudence

in subsequently escorting Ruth home. And though in courtesy bound to offer him coffee, he always cursed the sight of him. It was four years since Reuben had first met the girl, and three since he first proposed to her. But Ruth had always laughed at him and sent him away, yet never without such a lingering flash of tenderness as served to fan the fires of his hope till the next trip brought him to her again. And now the old Boer had put his house *en fite*, having that day asked his friends to come over and witness the betrothal of his son to Ruth.

Ruth had spent the morning since receiving the intimation partly in crying over the long silence of a big Yorkshireman, the remembrance of whose eyes somehow made her blush, making her feel curious, curling little thrills in her toes, and partly in savagely wondering how she could acquaint Oom Bothe with the fatuity of his hopes.

It was, therefore, a very radiant face that welcomed the entry of Reuben Jessop as,

"I'm quite willing to buy the cattle, if you won't lend them," he added, a hot flush mounting his face.

"The roinek asks for cattle, father!" sneered Carl Bothe, who stood a few feet off Reuben, surveying him insultingly.

A chorus of grunts rose up.

"The roinek asks for cattle! He! He!" cackled the women-folk, and again a chorus of grunts.

"Oom Bothe," said Reuben, "I have an English lady and a wounded man in my waggon. The river is rising, the natives have already attacked us, and will return for certain in force to-night. If you do not let me have beasts, we shall be murdered."

"He! He! He!" cackled the women. "The roineks will be murdered."

"I have no cattle to lend the roineks," said the old man, puffing stolidly at his pipe.

"And the nearest place is Krugersdorp," added his son, with a sneer. "Dead cattle," he added, with a grin. "And if there are not

enough there, you will find more at Majuba."

Reuben gave him a look and turned towards the door, where Ruth, with a pale face, was standing. Brandy, exultation, innate cruelty, and conceit combined to form in Carl Bothe's mind a sudden impulse to evince his prowess and contempt of England before his guests at the expense of the roinek. And as Reuben turned he lifted his sjambok and flicked him lightly on the back. The snigger that went round the room, the fatuous smile on his own loose lips, was suddenly frozen, however. For Reuben swung round, a light like glowing steel in his sombre eyes.

"You!" he gasped



"A RADIANT FACE WELCOMED THE ENTRY OF REUBEN JESSOP."

tethering his steaming horse at the gate, he strode in among the guests. Some ten or twelve were there, standing round the big fire in the great hall that served as general room. A dead silence greeted Reuben's request for cattle and assistance.

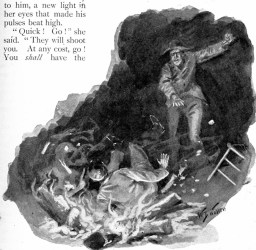
between his clenched teeth. A couple of swift strides and then, before the weedy, emaculated youth could still his paling, quivering lips, Reuben had seized him by his throat and belt, lifted him high in the air, swung him round, and hurled him clean



across the hall into the great hearth, where he fell, scattering right and left the blazing logs.

As he made for his horse he felt Ruth's hand slip under his arm, and stopped to see her face turn anxiously to him, a new light in her eyes that made his pulses beat high.

"Quick! Go!" she said. "They will shoot you. At any cost, go! You *shall* have the



"HE FELL SCATTERING RIGHT AND LEFT THE BLAZING LOGS."

cattle, if I bring them myself. Yes, before midnight. Go. No!" she cried, breaking loose from him, as he attempted to convey more closely the warmth of his gratitude. "Not yet!" she added, demurely, as he sprang into his saddle, and dashed off just as Bothe and his guests came running out, their rifles in hand. As Reaben lay on the neck of his horse, the last he saw of Ruth before dipping into the hollow was her figure with extended arms standing before the gate of the kraal, where Bothe kept his horses tethered.

And, indeed, he was gone none too soon. Bothe and his friends were furious. The old man with his pipe in his mouth, his grey beard twitching, his red, rheumy eyes blinking at the sweltering glare of the veld, his right hand, hairy and horny, gripping at his rifle, his old slouch hat slightly cocked over his ear, mingled in a manner irresistibly ludicrous the aspect of a primitive Puritan

and that of a Sardinian bandit. Carl himself was being ministered to by his mother and aunts, who were picking off his burnt clothes and discussing his blisters, in that style of discursive and comprehensive

comment on the maternal relations of his enemy which the Boer lady shares with the pious Hindu.

Having averted both the immediate danger of pursuit of her lover and betrothal of herself, Ruth withdrew into a lodge overlooking the cattle kraal, to enjoy the vent of her laughter and happiness. She cordially hated Carl, regarding him as a cruel libertine and spiteful bully, and she had all a woman's capacity for gloating in a deed of strength her soul confirmed as righteous. She was therefore enjoying herself very much when the sound of voices approaching her

retreat disturbed her. As the door opened, she glided through the open French window and stood one moment on the veranda, thinking. Her face had grown suddenly pale. For in the intruders she had recognised one of Galiswe's indunas with Oom Bothe; and such a companionship foreboded mischief to the man she was beginning to feel she could not live without loving.

For more than an hour the two haggled and bargained, ravelling as Kaffirs and Boers love to ravel the thread of each argument. But when they finally departed, and Ruth saw the chief gliding away over the plain westwards, the fulness of the plot was only too startlingly plain.

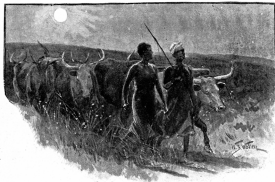
For thus had the Boer arranged with the Kaffir for the destruction of the Englishman. That night Oom Bothe would send a team of cattle to Jessop on the pretence of helping him. As soon as the team were inspanned, they should overturn the waggon by driving

it up the bank; the Bechuanas should then run in and spear the Englishmen, and share the booty with Oom Bothe. It was so simple and so natural, and so very easy; and if any questions were asked at Pretoria! Bah! When Oom Paul fiddled, did not the English lion dance?

"The best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," murmured Ruth, quoting her lover's frequent remark on her own perverse refusal of him, as creeping quietly down to the native kraal, a few hundred yards beyond the farm, she held a long conversation with a Fingo girl whose jolly countenance, after undergoing every contortion of amazement and incredulity, settled into a bubbling, overflowing grin of suppressed appreciation as of an excellent, if unmentionable, joke. Presently the same girl might have been seen to enter the Boer's house and proceed to Ruth's room, when, to judge by the sound of

seasoned, perfectly trained animals, whose pull was like the persuasion of a traction engine. With such bullocks in his kraal the old man could really enjoy seeing some neighbourly waggon stuck in the mud. One by one the team were gathered together and inspanned silently and with no word spoken. One of the natives took the leading rope, the other stood by the kraal gate till the team were led out, after which she waited patiently till the team had noiselessly vanished beyond the nearest dip, when she quietly drove all the other beasts out of the kraal in the opposite direction, repeated the same operation with the horses; then, breaking into the long lob trot at which natives can travel so far, soon rejoined her companion.

The team needed little persuasion to travel fast. The girl who had remained behind took the leading rope, and the oxen followed her, running with a lumbering, swinging gait



"THE OXEN FOLLOWED HER WITH A LUMBERING, SWINGING GAIT."

muffled merriment, the joke, whatever it was, was being further elaborated.

### III.

ABOUT two hours previous to the time agreed upon by Bothe to send out the cattle to Reuben's undoing, there might have been seen in the great stone kraal two natives going in and out among a mob of cattle and picking out a peculiar lot of sturdy black beasts, with white faces and beautiful curved horns. These were the joy of Bothe's heart—draught bullocks such as no other man had in all Africa. Twenty strong, well-

strangely similar to her own. The veld was very silent and deserted. Not even a dog disturbed the night silence. The field cornet being safely in bed with his blisters, no one would trouble to be patrolling. Soon in the distance the glisten of the river could be seen, and twice a native rose in the path to vanish again, silent, spectral, at the magic whisper "roinek." The faint thud of the team's hoofs beat a rhythmic measure on the turf, that seemed to one of the two accompanying them to swing into a strange lilt of a Yorkshire name. The stars

blinked quietly down, ridge after ridge of billowy grass glided back into the night; hollow after hollow echoed softly to the muffled peal of hoofs; the black bodies of the oxen swung like waving shadows in the warm night air; their white faces, the glistening vapour of their panting breath, seemed like the weird pulsing of some great uncouth machine. There was such a silence about it all, and yet such an alluring sense of lift in it, the whole scene was as a dream one might weave by moonlight over the noiseless heave of the ocean. The two girls, enveloped in their brown blankets, their hair in corkscrew wisps, their feet and legs bare to the knee, their blankets just covering their breasts, leaving the chests and arms bare; beneath the starlight even they, too, seemed like phantoms.

At last, before them loomed the dim shadow of the waggon. Again there rose up from the veld two shadowy figures, assegais and shields in hand, only to sink as if swallowed into the earth, before the magic of the whispered word, "roi-nek." As they were within a few yards of the waggon, the voice of Reuben rang out bidding them halt. "Come down, O Koos, and hear a message," said the native girl, speaking in the Kaffir tongue. The other girl looking round

saw the gleam of two assegais in the grass. The sense of danger destroyed the sense of shame. "Stay where you are, Reuben," she whispered, in English. "There is an ambush all round you. Tell Sammy to hook the cattle in and gallop the drift. There is a plot to let the cattle overturn the waggon. I overheard it, and we are two hours before the time. But the river is very high—we must be quick. Get the rifles ready."

"You darling!" said Reuben. "Stand by to come on board. Are you ready, Sammy? Jump in, now—quick—Yek!

Yek, there! Oop lads! Yek!" And as the girls scrambled in over the tail-board the long whip lashed round, circling the heads, finding the tender spots of each beast. With a jolt and a bound the waggon swung down into the drift, and before the natives could realize what had happened, was well in mid-stream. That they were none too soon was evident; it was all the team could do to keep their legs, and the water swirled up in angry, humming eddies on to the very tail-board of the waggon. Mrs. Orme shivered as she looked at it, and Reuben, thinking of the freight of love he bore, plied his whip with a crackle and swish that assuredly astonished the prize team of Oom Bothe. The centre once passed, however, the danger was over. A spur of beach, running out into mid-stream, made the approach to the bank on the other side calm and easy. But they had still the natives to reckon with, and so Reuben urged the straining beasts up the steep incline at a gallop,



"REUBEN URGED THE STRAINING BEASTS UP THE STEEP INCLINE."

till the waggon was safe from all possibility of flood. Along the stream on this side the banks were steep, and pursuit was only possible by the road in which they were. From where they had halted some forty feet above the river, where the level plain dipped into the cutting leading into the drift, the back of the waggon commanded the whole of the gap to the water's edge. A volley plashed into the water brought home this fact to the Bechuanas on the other side. These, indeed, were quite nonplussed. The new development was altogether beyond their

instructions, and in their doubt they decided to watch and send off a runner to their induna, who by that time should be with Oom Bothe.

But the delay meant the loss of two hours, and when the old Boer and the Bechuanas rode up to the drift, midnight had gone by, and the river was moaning now, a surging, yellow torrent no horse could stem nor man stand in. The old Boer stood in his stirrups shaking his rifle, gesticulating and yelling across the noisy waters. His cattle and his son's promised bride! The pride of his kraal and his home! And he had spent all the night in scouring the country for them, and almost cut a Kaffir boy in pieces with his sjambok for letting the cattle escape. In his madness and fury he urged his horse at the flood, beating it on the head with his rifle and tearing its flanks with his savage spurs. But his fury was vain. Like Balaam's ass his steed feared the sword of that flood-song in front of him, and goaded at last by his master's brutal senselessness, turned and bolted back to Langeberg. By dawn there was half a mile of water between the banks, and the river, thirty feet in depth now, was whirling down branches and veld drift, a foaming, racing, exultant torrent, impassable for weeks.

"Bothe's oxen will take us to Mafeking within a week," said Reuben, as early the next morning he stood talking to Ruth and Mrs. Orme. They two, with arms twined round each other, formed a pretty picture of glad peace. For the strange, mysterious voice of Nature had drawn mother and child into a swift embrace at the first glance. The disguise of a Kaffir dress, of a little staining and red-ochreing, of a blanket which only revealed a figure distractingly sweet—they could not conceal the voice, the eyes; could not alter the lips

that had nestled against the mother's breast. And in the hungry, yearning silence of that embrace, when Mrs. Orme drew the girl into her arms, in the wonderful glow that flushed the weary eyes and sad, worn face of the Red Cross nurse, Ruth felt all her heart go out to this woman whose tremulous, passionate whisper bade her call her "Mother."

And memories once evoked soon grew and multiplied, and Ruth recalled many childish recollections at her mother's suggestion. Doubt was impossible. And, indeed, the two looked strangely alike in their nurse's dress. For Ruth had hastily discarded her native attire and stood now in one of her mother's gowns, the picture of demure reluctance and shy expectation. And when Mrs. Orme was giving the wounded trooper his breakfast, it was a very blushing face and eyes somewhat shyly frightened that hid on the broad expanse of Reuben's massive chest. And when he teasingly whispered to her that he thought he would have the wedding in a Kaffir costume, the glance she gave him made him feel as though all his seventy-three inches had curled into his boots and then leaped to the stars. Just such a glance and blush, in

fact, as he got when some months later he and his bride stood gazing into the mystery the moonlight made under the mountain pines, and Reuben bent down to take the winsome, fearless face in his hands and asked her:—

"Now tell me why it was you risked all that night—even that dress—for me!"

"It was because I loved you," Ruth said, with a little smile, her eyes shining, as she cuddled up into the curve of his great, muscular arm, clasping her two little hands over his brown, massive wrist. "And," she added, "because I just worshipped you for the way you threw Carl Bothe into his own fire!"



"IT WAS BECAUSE I LOVED YOU," RUTH SAID.

## *In Nature's Workshop.*

### III.—PLANTS THAT GO TO SLEEP.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

**P**LANTS sleep almost as truly as animals. To be sure, their sleep is a trifle less obtrusive—plants never snore: but it is quite real for all that, and its reality can be shown, as I hope to show it here, in a great many instances. Perhaps the best-marked form of slumber in the vegetable world is that of the great winter rest, when so many species retire altogether under the sheltering soil, and there lie dormant, side by side with the slumbering animals. We all know that when winter approaches the sleek dormouse retreats into his snug nook, a woven nest of warm grasses just above the ground, where he dozes away the cold weather in a state of unconsciousness. Squirrels similarly hibernate in the holes of tree-trunks; while bears grow fat in autumn, and after sleeping the winter through, emerge in April mere wasted shadows of their October selves. As to the cold-blooded animals, such as newts and lizards, snakes and adders, they dream away the chilly months, like the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, coiled up in tangles among the banks and hedges. The lesser creatures—snails, and beetles, and grubs, and so forth—hibernate underground or conceal themselves in the crannies of rocks and walls. But how does this long winter rest of animals differ, after all, from the winter rest of the crocus or the hyacinth, which withdraw all the living material from their leaves in autumn, and bury themselves inches deep in the soil in the shape of a bulb, till February rains or April suns tempt leaves and flowers out again? The whole vast class of bulbous and tuberous plants, indeed—the lilies, orchids, daffodils, narcissi, tulips, squills, blue-bells, and snow-drops—are they not just hibernating creatures, which retire underground in autumn with the slugs and the queen wasps, to reappear in spring about the same time with the return to upper air of the moles, the tortoises, and the fritillary butterflies?

In the case of pond plants and pond animals, in particular, this close similarity of habit is especially evident. I have pointed out in this magazine already how the frogs and newts betake themselves to the depths before the surface freezes over; and how at the same time, when the whirligig beetles and the tapering pond-snails go below to hibernate, the buds of the frogbit and the growing shoots of the curled pondweed similarly detach their ends from the dying stems so as to bury themselves safely in the unfrozen mud of the oozy bottom. But it may not strike everyone that much the same sort of winter sleep, for plants as for animals, is common on land too. When the squirrel retires into winter quarters in the trunk of the oak, where he has stored up his hoard of acorns against the dead season, does not the life of the oak itself do just the same thing? Does not the tree, too, fall asleep till the succeeding summer? I say "the life of the oak" in the most literal sense: for, remember, the protoplasm or living matter in the green leaves is withdrawn, before they fall, into the vital layer just below the bark; and there it sleeps away the winter, protected by its overcoat of cork-like material from the fierce frosts that would otherwise kill it. Indeed, it is only the dead skeleton of the leaf that drops on the ground: the life remains and hides in the trunk or branches. The withered leaf is like the sloughed skin of the snake, the cast shell of the lobster, the empty pupa-case of the butterfly. Nay, more, one may say roughly that almost all trees and shrubs or perennial herbs hibernate—become dormant in winter: but some of them conceal their living protoplasm in bulbs or tubers which they bury underground, while others store it in the stem or trunk, wrapped warmly up in a thick vegetable blanket.

Even evergreens sleep, though not quite so openly. Take two familiar contrasted cases. The Scotch fir and the larch are closely related: but the larch, a native of windswept heights in central Europe and northern

Asia, would have its slender branches broken and its swaying trunk snapped by the weight of snow which they would be compelled to sustain if the leaves persisted on the tree through the winter, besides running a good chance of being blown down in every big storm; so it has acquired the habit (very unusual among conifers) of shedding its cast-off leaves in autumn like the oak and the elm, after it has hidden away their vital contents in the living layer. In this way, it comparatively escapes the heavy load of snow it must otherwise bear, and also presents a far smaller expanse of resisting surface to the wintry Tyrolean and Siberian tempests. The Scotch fir, on the other hand, a stouter tree with stronger branches, can endure the heavy load of snow, which it shifts often enough as the wind strikes it; so it has evergreen leaves, like most of its class; but these needle-like leaves are thick-skinned and covered with a protective glassy glaze which effectually guards the living matter within from the frosts of

January. Large-leaved evergreens, like the common laurel and the rhododendron, have a similar glassy layer to protect their foliage; but they are more southern types; our northern winter tries them often, and in severe seasons they get terribly frost-bitten. Even these evergreens themselves thus sleep, though unobtrusively: that is to say, their life is really suspended more or less during the winter months, though the living material is then exposed in the leaves, instead of being withdrawn into the bark as in the larch, or into a bulb or tuber as in the tulip and the crocus.

But besides this yearly winter sleep or hibernation a great many plants also sleep every night: in other words, they suspend more or less their usual activities, and devote themselves to rest and recuperation. For what do we mean by sleep? Well, Mr. Herbert Spencer has admirably defined it as "the period when repair predominates over

waste." During our waking times, we walk, work, waste—use up the living material of the body: in our sleeping hours, we rebuild and restore it. Now this is not quite true to the same extent of plants: though even plants in certain senses grow more by night than by day. Yet it is true in the main that plants suspend in their sleeping hours a great many functions which they carry on while they wake: and that the sleeping time is mostly devoted to repair and growth, not to active intercourse with external nature. By day, plants eat: by night, they utilize and arrange what they have eaten.

My illustration No. 1 shows the leaf of a mimosa bush in its waking moments. You would call it at first sight rather a branch than a leaf, no doubt; but in that you would be mistaken: it is really one much-divided leaf, though not by any means a simple one: and when it falls off, it falls off from the base like a single structure. It is, in point of



1.—BRANCH OF MIMOSA, THE LEAF AWAKE.

fact, a very compound leaf, split up into four main parts, each of which is again subdivided into many opposite pairs of leaflets. Now, in No. 1 here, the leaf is seen as it looks when expanded in the broad daylight: it is hard at work eating and drinking for the benefit of the plant: it absorbs, by all its hundred little mouths or leaflets, the carbonic acid of the surrounding air, which it converts, under the influence of sunlight, into suitable plant-food. It thus *works* in the daylight just as truly as the busy bee *works* when it

gathers honey: just as truly as the ant works when it collects dead meat and scraps of ant-provender: just as truly as the kingfisher works when it darts down upon the trout, or as the fly-catcher works when it swoops upon the flies that flit about in the garden. All these are diurnal plants and animals: they utilize, as Dr. Watts succinctly puts it, "each shining hour": and they rest when night comes from their daily labours. For remember, a plant can only eat its proper food, carbonic acid,

while the light falls upon it ; at night it must sleep, digest, and distribute what it has eaten.

No. 2 shows us a larger branch of the same mimosa bush, with two such compound leaves, seen as they look when folded up in sleep during the dark hours of the evening. Not only the famous and well-known Sensitive Plant sleeps like this, but also many other kinds of mimosa and acacia much cultivated in our green-houses. It is a pretty sight to see them falling gradually asleep — dozing off, if I may be allowed that familiar expression. First of all the opposite pairs of leaflets fold together upward, so as to present a single combined surface, like that of a hinged tablet when you shut its halves together. Then the four main leaf-stalks on which the leaflets are fixed sink slowly down like a sleepy child, and double themselves away out of the range of danger. Last of all, the principal leaf-stalk or main mid-rib of the whole branch-like leaf itself droops and drops drowsily, and the entire structure hangs limp, as if dead, against the branch that supports it. In No. 2 you can see a pair of such four-branched leaves sound asleep in their pendent attitude. Each of these, when expanded, would resemble the open and active leaf in No. 1. You can see for yourself that the waking leaf is obviously equipped for work and action, while the sleeping leaves are quite as obviously arranged for rest and recuperation. You can also observe in No. 2 the main leaf-stalk or mid-rib of a third leaf, which is hanging down unseen, out of the field of the drawing.

The machinery for producing these curious sleep-movements is situated in certain very irritable little knobs at the base of the leaf-stalk, one of which you can observe close to the stem in the case of the lowest leaf-stalk (with its leaf unseen) in No. 2. The mechanism acts much like a nervous system :

it governs the movements and attitudes of the leaf by night or day. In the true Sensitive Plants, the leaflets fold up out of harm's way when touched. In most mimosas and acacias, however, they only fold at night, or

in very cold or dark weather. Their folding is partly effected for the sake of warmth, because they then expose only one surface of each leaf ; it may be compared to the way in which mice and other animals curl up in their nests, or to the habit of snakes in lying coiled up in holes, knotted together one with the other. But it is partly also done for physiological reasons : the plant rebuilds itself in sleep just as truly as the animal, and this posture seems to suit its growing and redistributing activities.

In No. 3 we have a branch of that common and beautiful little English wild-flower, the wood-sorrel. The plant is here represented wide awake in the daytime, its blossom expanded to court the insects that fertilize it, and its leaves wide open, drinking in its gaseous

food as fast as they can drink it. Wood-sorrel is a tender and thin-textured spring herb ; a chill is therefore highly prejudicial to its health : without being exactly delicate — for in a certain sense wood-sorrel may even be called hardy — it feels the need for taking care of itself. Severe cold nips it up : even gentle frosts have a bad effect upon it. But the wise herb has arranged against such adverse chances by the peculiar disposition of its dainty wan foliage. The leaves are composed of three leaflets each, and even at a casual glance, something about their mid-ribs might suggest to you the idea that they were intended for folding. And so they are. They fold quaintly downward — not one against the other, as in the mimosa, but half of each leaflet against the other half. In the sunshine and the warmth they expand to the utmost, as you see in No. 3 ; when



2.—BRANCH OF MIMOSA, THE LEAVES FAST ASLEEP.



3.—WOOD-SORREL; THE FLOWER AND LEAVES BOTH AWAKE.

night falls they fall too, as you can observe in No. 4, where both leaves and flowers are fast asleep, resting after the arduous labours of the day in a profound slumber.

If you consider what the parts are doing in each case you will realize that day differs from night for the plant exactly as it differs for the animal—the one being a period of direct intercourse with external nature, and the other a period of repose, growth, and internal restoration. For during the daytime, the wood-sorrel swallows or sucks in with its leaves such carbonic acid as the wind brings its way, and then exposes it in the full sunlight to be assimilated and rendered useful: but by night it folds its leaves, just as the shopkeeper puts up his shutters or the mill stops work; it keeps them warm by contact with one another; and it begins to use up the material it has eaten for growth and development. Similarly with the dainty white lilac-streaked flowers: during the day they open their slender petals, hold up their heads, and receive the visits of the insects upon whom they depend for fertilization: but when night comes, and the insects have gone to bed, it is no use hanging out the sign any longer, so to speak—for the petals are just sign-boards to attract the eyes of the insect customers. Various misfortunes might happen to the flower in the cold spring nights, if it still kept open. The frost might nip up and wilt the petals: rain might fall and wash away the honey or the pollen: wind might disperse the fruitful golden grains, intended for the seed-vessels of sister blossoms. So the prudent plant imitates the little beasts

which curl themselves up in their holes: it makes the flower hang its head and close its petals, so as to imprison warm air within its bell-shaped hollow. In this position, it is safest from rain, which can neither fill the cup so as to break the stem, nor dilute the honey, nor waste the pollen. Thus, all night long, the wood-sorrel suspends its business intercourse with the outer world, and retires upon itself for rest and recuperation; when morning comes again, it opens its leaflets to drink in the air and the sun, and lifts its flowers once more to attract the insects. Alike for warmth, for safety, and for economy, it sleeps by night; it wakes by day, and engages actively in the business of its existence.

I may add that we know otherwise how particularly necessary is heat to the wood-sorrel. If you examine the under-side of the winter leaves—I mean those few old leaves which manage to struggle on from the preceding year through an English January—you will find that they are distinctly reddish or purple. Now, chemists have shown us that this red or purple colouring matter which is spread on the under-side of the foliage in many plants is a substance with a curious power of catching the remnant of such light-rays as pass unused through the green cells of the leaf, and transforming them into heat-rays. To put it plainly, the red pigment is a warmth-catcher, a machine for transmuting light into heat. You therefore find it most often on



4.—WOOD-SORREL; THE FLOWER AND LEAVES BOTH ASLEEP.

the under-side of many early spring plants, which naturally need all the heat they can get, as well as on aquatic herbs like the water-lilies, whose under-surface is constantly



chilled (even in summer) by contact with the cold water. For example, the cyclamens so commonly grown in drawing-room windows in winter have bright purple under-sides to their leaves, because they grow and flower in the coldest months: so has an exotic wood-sorrel, which is a favourite pot-plant with cottagers, and which goes to sleep every night of its life, even more conspicuously than our wild English species. In every case where you light upon purple or red colouring matter abundantly present in leaves or shoots (as in sprouting peonies, and spring growth of rose-bushes), you may at least suspect that warmth is its principal purpose. Nature does nothing in vain: there is always a reason in the merest detail.

But you may ask, "Why do not all leaves equally go to sleep at night? Why have you thus to pick out a few select examples?" The answer is, all leaves do; but some of them sleep more conspicuously and visibly than others. The cases in which you can see that they sleep are those of plants with thin and delicate foliage, where the leaves or leaflets gain mutual protection against radiation and cold by patting themselves, so to speak, two layers thick. Very dainty spring foliage shows sleep most obviously: very thick and coarse leaves, like those of the cyclamen, the rhododendron, the Siberian saxifrage, or the common laurel, sleep without folding; they have warmth enough or glassy covering enough to resist injury. Here again we can see the analogy between the nightly and the winter sleep: thin-leaved trees shed their leaves in autumn: thick-leaved kinds, such as laurustinus, spruce-fir, and laurel, retain them unshed through the entire winter.

The sleep of flowers is even more conspicuous and more readily aroused than the sleep of leaves. Blossoms are delicate and much exposed. Foliage for the most part sleeps by night only: but flowers take casual naps now and again when danger looms in the daytime. This is only what one might expect; for the flower is usually the part of the plant which does the most varied external business and holds the most specialized intercourse with the rest of nature. The leaf has relations with the sun and the air alone; but the flower has to attract and satisfy all sorts of fastidious and capricious insect assistants: it has to produce pollen, honey, and seeds: it has to provide for its own fertilization and that of its neighbours. Hence, it may have to wake or sleep in accordance with the convenience of the outer world: just as a railway

porter or a club servant must get up and go to bed, not when he chooses himself, but when his employers choose to make him. The rule with flowers is this: they open the shop when customers are most likely to drop in; they shut it when there is nobody about and when valuable goods like honey and pollen run a risk of getting damaged.

The purple crocus, illustrated in its working hours in No. 5, is an early spring flower which has to open under considerable disadvantages. It lays by material during the previous summer in an underground bulb, sleeps the winter through, and pushes up its head in the very early spring, at a time when frost and snow are still extremely probable. All such early spring plants, I need scarcely say, are naturally hardy: they also wrap themselves up warm in blankets and overcoats. The crocus bud when it first emerges is folded tight (like an Indian pappoose or an Italian bambino) in a neat and commodious papery coverlet: it only peeps out of its close-fitting mummy-case when the weather promises a chance of successful flowering. A little break of warmth in February or March, however, suffices for its purpose. It will unfold its purple corolla gaily in the sun, and flaunt its golden-yellow stigma in the midst of the blue cup to allure its winged allies to the store of honey.

These allies are all of them bees, dozens of whom venture out on the prowl on sunny days through the whole winter. It is for them that the gorse hangs out its nutty-scented flowers: for them that the crocuses, golden or purple, expand their chalice. As long as the sun shines, in spite of cold east winds, the bees bury themselves deep in the tempting blossoms, dust their hairy thighs with quantities of pollen, and rub it off against the feathery and sticky stigmas of the next flower they visit. But spring sunshine is not a joy to count upon. Great white clouds roll up and obscure the clear blue sky; a cold wind accompanies them; the bees hurry off, full-laden, to their hives or their underground nests; rain, sleet, or snow threatens. The prudent crocus perceives that all chance of business is over for the present, and, like a booth-keeper at a fair, when the crowd has gone, it proceeds to shut up its shop and take care of its merchandise. And it is well advised, for its shape renders it peculiarly liable to damage from rain or sleet when open; so it closes its corolla, as you see in No. 6, making the folded lobes do duty as an umbrella. If rain or snow comes, it is thus effectually protected: the pollen is not washed

away, nor is the large and fleshy stigma ruined. You will find these tactics common among cup-shaped or chalice-shaped flowers like the crocus and the tulip: they never occur



5.—PURPLE CROCUS, OPEN IN SUNSHINE.

among bell-shaped hanging flowers, like the harebell or the wild hyacinth, where the whole blossom, being turned downward and entered from below, forms a perpetual umbrella to guard its own pollen and its own honey from stress of weather. These last are a higher and more evolved type, belonging for the most part to very advanced and progressive families.

Most spring flowers, however, in their anxiety to attract the few insect visitors who are about at that treacherous period of the year, keep open door, and spread their blossoms, cup-like, upward. Examples, other than the crocus and the tulip, are the winter aconite, the buttercup, the wood-anemone, the Alpine gentians, the globe-flower, and the hepatica. Most of these early flowers shut up for every passing cloud, and open again for every gleam of sunshine. They are hard at work all the time, opening and shutting as the weather changes. On a typical April day I have often noticed the yellow crocuses expand and close half-a-dozen times over.

A great many flowers which have the honey and pollen openly exposed in this cup-like way are much given to closing, even in summer, for every cloud that passes, because they are naturally so afraid of being

spilled by a wetting. This is particularly the case with the wheel-shaped forms—those, I mean, with open flat saucers like the common pimpernels. An old English name for our little red pimpernel is "shepherd's weather-glass," because it opens its eyes in the broad sunlight, but closes them at once in shade or when a cloud passes. Plants of this type sleep all night long habitually, but also take a gentle doze every now and again when danger lowers. So fowls have been known to go to roost during a total eclipse of the sun, and many small birds settle themselves to sleep in dark and gloomy weather.

In No. 7 we have a branch of the common wild geranium or herb-robert, a well-known English weed, which exhibits this peculiarity in a marked degree. Here you see three flowers awake and expanded, with their pretty purple petals (marked by darker lines or honey-guides) flaunting in the sun as advertisements to the insects. The lines on the petals are not there for mere ornament: they point straight to the honey, and so save the time of the visitor, by showing him at once where he should stick his inquisitive proboscis in search of it. But No. 8 exhibits the very same branch in the evening or when clouds are obscuring the sun. Danger now looms: a shower threatens. So what does the frightened wild geranium do? Observe that the



6.—A CLOUD PASSES; THE CROCUS CLOSING TO PROTECT ITS POLLEN.

overblown flowers, the buds, and the leaves retain their positions as before: rain cannot hurt them. But the three open flowers bend their heads against the storm, instead

of closing their petals: they convert themselves into an umbrella, thus temporarily imitating the tactics of the bluebells and the snowdrops. By this simple device, the honey and pollen are secured from danger. When day or sunshine returns, the geranium raises its lolling heads again, because its flowers are small and inconspicuous: they depend upon minor insect visitors—flies or the like—and cannot afford to do without the display of their purple upper-side, like the far more noticeable hyacinths and harebells.

A different method of compassing the same result is seen in that queer English weed, the carline thistle. It is a very common plant on our chalk downs, and on many dry hillsides: it abounds, for example, on Box Hill: and yet, if you are not a botanist, I greatly doubt whether you will ever have noticed it. For it is a curious creature which always looks dead, even when it is most alive: you can see it in No. 9 much as in real life, only you must remember that its colour is almost that of a dry dead thistle. Its leaves are cottony; its flowers are dingy in hue; and its general aspect is suggestive of death, decay, and dissolution. Yet it is really very much alive: and its form is so admirably adapted to its place in nature, that I think before I describe its mode of sleeping I must first devote a few lines in passing to its other dodges for picking up an honest livelihood.

The carline grows only on dry fields, high open sheep-walks, and sandhills by the sea. All these places are, of course, much liable to be browsed over by sheep, cattle, donkeys, and other animals, not forgetting the destructive rabbit and that strangest of all grazers, the goose—a bird which puts itself into



7.—WILD GERANIUM, LAYING ITSELF OUT TO ATTRACT INSECTS.

competition with the herbivorous ruminants, and crops the meadows with its bill shorter and closer than any of them with their teeth. Now, all plants which live under such conditions are obliged to adopt protective measures against animal depredators. Most of them are prickly: such are gorse, blackthorn, and the common thistles: nay, there are even certain herbs, like the pretty pink rest-harrow, which are unarmed when they grow in inclosed meadows, but

which produce a special prickly variety when they occupy spots exposed to donkeys, rabbits, and geese, the worst and deadliest of grazing enemies. Other plants defend themselves in subtler ways, by bitter juices, or by unpleasant hairs dotted about over their surface. Yet others, like the subterranean clover, bury their ripening pods underground, so that their seeds at least may escape the keen-eyed depredators. The thistles of rich meadows have long stalks and rise a foot or two high:

but on the fine sward of chalk downs, a special species has been developed, known as the Stemless Thistle, which consists simply of a rosette of prickly leaves, in whose midst a compact head of flowers lies pressed close to the ground, and well protected by the prickly points of the leaves around it. Indeed, the whole nibbled turf of the downs consists everywhere of creeping or low-growing plants, specially designed to flower and fruit, and so reproduce their kind, in spite of the murderous assaults of animals to

which they are continually subjected.

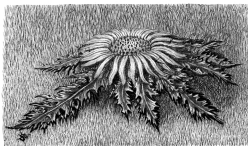
It is in the midst of such a stunted world as this that the carline has to carve itself out a niche in nature. Its leaves, as you can see in No. 9, are pressed flat against the



8.—WILD GERANIUM, AT NIGHT OR IN CLOUDY WEATHER, MAKING EACH FLOWER INTO AN UMBRELLA FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE POLLEN.

ground, looking almost as if they had been trodden into it—a peculiarity still more noticeable in the specialized form of plantain evolved in chalk country, on whose lawns it is a weed much hated by gardeners. These leaves are intensely prickly, with long and rigid spines protecting them at all angles from the attacks of nibblers. The whole carline plant is remarkably rigid and juiceless; in winter it looks absolutely

florets of a daisy or a chrysanthemum. But when the air becomes damp, the bracts, which are highly sensitive to moisture, curl up of themselves, as you see in No. 16, and form a sort of hut or shed above the true flowers in the centre. The conical tent or pent-house thus produced makes a shelter against the impending rain, which would wash away the pollen and dissolve the honey. The illustration shows you very well the general arrange-



9.—CARLINE THISTLE, ITS BRACTS OPEN AND ACTING LIKE PETALS TO ALLURE INSECTS.

dead, but revives again in spring as if by a miracle. In the centre of the rosette of spiny leaves a flower-head develops, looking at first sight like a single flower, but consisting really of many tubular bells, clustered together in a round group, and inclosed by an involucre or prickly basket of bracts. The inner bracts of this basket are long, slender, and ray-like: in texture they are thin and shining like straw, while in hue they are of a pale straw-colour, so that they add altogether to the dead-alive aspect of the plant. But when these shining straw-coloured bracts are spread out horizontally in the sunlight, forming a crown about the true flowers or little bells in the centre, they produce precisely the effect of petals, and serve the same purpose in attracting the notice of the fertilizing insects. No. 9 shows you the aspect of the carline in these its most alluring moments, when it is laying itself out to be agreeable to visitors.

That is the attitude it always adopts in bright dry weather, when the winged guests on which it depends for fruiting are around and active. Its bracts then spread out like the rays of a star, and mimic the true ray-

ment of the plant and its parts, consisting outside of a rosette of spinous leaves, and inside of a basket or involucre to guard the flowers: this involucre itself being once more composed of two distinct parts; the outer layer of prickly and protective bracts, designed to ward off browsing enemies, and the inner layer of thin, dry bracts, with a shiny texture like that of everlastings, designed in dry weather to play the part of petals, and in wet to rise up as an umbrella or rain-shelter.

The word carline is good old English for a withered old woman, a wizened witch, and it is very aptly applied to this curious and tattered grey weather-beaten species. Robert Burns applies it to the hags whose orgies were interrupted by *Tam o' Shanter*.

Most plants and most animals sleep by night and wake by day. But there are of course a number of kinds, both in the animal and vegetable world, which find it pays them best to be nocturnal. Day is the time when most enemies are abroad: therefore, to get the better of the enemies, it may be well to sleep by day and turn out in the twilight. Defenceless species, no doubt, begin the game: they fly abroad in the dusk to secure safety

from birds and other aggressive foes. That is the policy of the moths, the fireflies, the mosquitoes, and many other night-flying insects. Then the bats and the night-jars discover in turn that it is worth while to prowling about at night, in order to swoop down upon the insects which have thus tried to escape from the swifts, the swallows, the martins, and the fly-catchers. Similarly, the smaller mammals, such as mice and shrews,

greater certainty than if it had to compete with the ruck that opens every morning. So a great many flowers have taken the hint and laid themselves out for this twilight blossoming. I will give you one simple example first, and then pass on to more complex cases.

Everybody knows the common English red campion—the day lychnis, or Robin Hood as it is often called in the country.



15.—CARLISLE THISTLE! CLOUDY WEATHER OR NIGHT! THE BRACTS CLOSE AND FORM A PENT-HOUSE TO PROTECT THE FLOWERS.

go out by night in search of beetles: and the owls follow in search of mice and shrews. Thus the larger half of nature is by habit diurnal, while the smaller half has become nocturnal, either to escape its enemies or to capture its prey. It is like the human case of guns and armour: we make armour-plated ironclads so thick that no gun can pierce them; then we invent new guns which can pierce even the impenetrable armour. Nature is one vast game of check and counter-check: it consists of devices intended to outwit other devices, and themselves outwitted in turn by devices still more stringent or more marvellously cunning.

Now plants too have followed the general fashion of producing nocturnal types, wherever the circumstances rendered it desirable for them to do so. The night-flying moths are in many cases honey-eaters, therefore they may be utilized as carriers of pollen by any enterprising plant that chooses to lay itself out for securing their services. Here are so many Pickford's vans, as it were, going begging: the plant that chooses to flower at night and close by day will be able to get its fertilization done cheap, with

It is a pretty pink flower, scentless and somewhat weedy, and it grows abundantly in hedgerows all over England. It is pink, because it is principally fertilized by day-flying butterflies, which love bright colour: it needs no perfume, because its brilliant hue is sufficient advertisement for all practical purposes. But it has a very near relation, almost exactly like it save in two respects: and this relation is the white evening lychnis or night-flowering campion. It differs from the red campion, first in colour, and second in being delicately and pervasively scented. Why? Because it opens its blossoms about five or six in the evening, in order to catch the night-flying moths. These moths are chiefly attracted by white flowers, which show up best in the grey dusk of evening: and they are also guided very largely by scent, so that blossoms which lay themselves out for the patronage of moths are almost always heavily perfumed.

A few more examples will show you some other peculiarities of this group of night-blooming moth-alluring blossoms. Everybody now knows the so-called "tobacco-plant" or *Nicotiana affinis*, so greatly cultivated of late

in gardens. This beautiful and graceful flower closes during the day, but opens at nightfall, when its pure white blossoms become strongly scented. If you are at all in the habit of noticing flowers, too, you must have observed that the "tobacco-plant" is almost self-luminous in the dusk: it glows with a strange phosphorescent light, as if illuminated from within. This is the case with many nocturnal flowers, and I suspect (though I do not know) that the property is connected with their insect-eating habits, about which more by-and-by. Again, you may note that there are a large number of similar night-flowering plants, all of them moth-fertilized, such as gardenia, white jasmine, tuberose, stephanotis, night-flowering cereus, and so forth. All of these are pure white, and all of them are heavily scented with very similar perfumes. Moreover (and this is a curious coincidence), none of them have any streaks, spots, or lines on their petals. The reason is simple. Such streaks or lines are always honey-guides, to lead the insect straight to the nectary. Day insects see such lines and are greatly influenced by them: but at night they would be useless, so their place is taken by scent and by deep tubes, which make a dark spot near the centre of the blossom. What night flowers need most is a bright white surface which will reflect all the small light they can get: and this I suspect they sometimes supplement by a faint phosphorescence.

The Nottingham Catchfly, which you see asleep by day in No. 11, is a highly developed



11.—CATCHFLY, A NOCTURNAL PLANT, SLEEPING BY DAY, WHEN ITS MOTHS ARE ABSENT.

example of these nocturnal flowers. During the daytime it covers its blossoms by bending its petals inward, so as to preserve its honey from casual diurnal visitors, and keep it till night for the regular customers. At evening it opens them again, as you see in No. 12, displaying its brilliant white inner surface, which is dazzling in its purity. But why, you may ask, does it not avail itself of the day

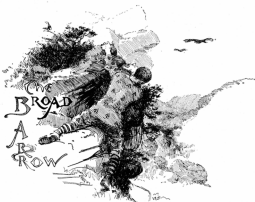
insects as well? Because they are not the ones specially fitted to do its work: their heads are not of the right shape: the Nottingham Catchfly has laid itself out for special moths, and has so formed its blossoms that those moths can fertilize it most easily and most economically. It is a good example of a highly developed type, specially fitted for a particular visitor.

The name of Catchfly, again, it owes to an odd peculiarity which it shares with many other nocturnal flowers. The top of the stem at the flowering period is covered with sticky hairs, which have glands at their tips: and these glands exude a peculiar viscid liquid. Small flies light on the stem, and are caught by the sort of bird-lime thus prepared

for them; the plant then digests them and sucks their juices. I do not know whether my next guess is correct or not—I am not chemist enough myself to verify it: but I am inclined to conjecture that the plant uses up the phosphates in the bodies of the insects in order to produce the peculiar luminous appearance of the petals in the twilight. I leave this hint for those of my readers whose chemical skill may be greater than mine is.



12.—CATCHFLY, OPENING ITS WHITE PETALS AT NIGHT, WHEN ITS MOTHS ARE FLYING.



BY E. M. JAMESON.

**D**USK had fallen upon the lonely stretches of Dartmoor. Grey mists swept round the summits of the tors and lay thick and impenetrable in the valleys below, and little by little the landmarks were blotted from view.

Something as grey as the shadows crawled from a cleft in one of the tors and, as if with every nerve quickened, stood upright to listen. Not a sound broke the stillness; in the whole of that vast solitude not a creature seemed to stir, and the man in grey, as he looked around him, drew a long breath of relief.

All day, from his eyrie in the furrowed side of the rock, he had seen men scouring the moor, beating about as if for game, and passing within a few yards of their quarry's hiding-place. So close, indeed, that once he cowered back with a sick apprehension that sent great drops of moisture coursing down his face, enduring the torture of the eternally lost at the thought of recapture.

The searchers had gone, but the convict knew that, for a certainty, the kingdom must be ringing with his miraculous escape, and that far and near he would be looked for. Better a thousand times to die here in the

open than be retaken. He glanced around him desperately. The wide road that traversed the moor was hardly distinguishable in the gloom. He must keep away from the beaten track and trust in Providence.

*Providence!* He smiled at the word; but it was easier of belief here in the open, with the keen, pure atmosphere setting his senses quivering with the joy of living, than *there*. His eyes turned in the direction of Princetown, not many miles away, and he shuddered.

To the luxurious man of the world, twelve months of a convict's life had seemed a century, and there would be many and many a year to follow. His hand sought mechanically in his breast for the fragment of rope he had picked up near his hiding-place. There were other means of escape after all. To rid himself of his tell-tale apparel was the problem.

He crept down the rugged side of the tor half fearfully, every rustle of the heather against his foot making him start. The hunger which all day had been so acute as to be painful had now become an aching sensation that did not greatly trouble him.

He felt almost gay by the time he had tramped a few miles, and with difficulty kept

from breaking into a whistle. He was young and strong, and the shame and degradation fell away from him. He kept as close as he could to the road, and presently, seeing a fairly wide footpath, he passed down it and came to a large iron gate. He pressed his face against the bars and looked in, making out the form of a long, low house against the lighter glimmer of the sky. Coming towards him was the light of carriage-lamps.

He crouched among the brake; a groom got down, and the gate swung open. In the momentary pause the watcher heard a pleasant, cultivated man's voice, either that of the driver or his companion, say:—

"Then the little chap doesn't mind being left to his own devices? It's rather dull for him, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," replied another voice, irritably; "but he's used to it, poor little beggar. After all, a man must dine out now and then."

The mare plunged forward and the gate swung to with a click. The listener's pulses beat at lightning speed. Here was his opportunity.

He made his way rapidly up the drive,

room. He stood in the middle of the floor, his face puckered into a perplexed frown. He was dressed in the most incongruous fashion, like a miniature clown. Though time-pressed, Geoffrey Borradaile could not refrain from looking at the child, his behaviour was so funny. He bowed to an imaginary audience, then, giving a sudden twirl, endeavoured to stand on his head. Again and again he tried, only to fail as many times, and the onlooker grew quite excited over the performance. So much so, indeed, that, forgetting where he was, he leant too heavily against the long French window, and it suddenly opened inward and precipitated him into the room.

He found himself confronting the astonished acrobat, from whom he momentarily expected to hear a cry of alarm. In former days Geoffrey had been beloved of animals and children, and this characteristic stood him in good stead now. The boy looked at him gravely, then his little face broke into a smile.

"Why, *you're* dressed up, too," he said, thrusting his hands into his baggy trousers as he surveyed the man in grey; "what fun!



"WHY, YOU'RE DRESSED UP, TOO!"

listening at intervals. As he neared the house he saw a light glimmering from a long window at the left of the hall-door. The blind was only partly drawn, and he looked in.

A little boy was the sole occupant of the

Now there'll be two to pretend. It's so dull by myself, though I make up a good deal as I go along."

The visitor took the cue at once. "So it is," he replied, at the same time looking



round cautiously; "but is there no one here to play with you?"

As he spoke he lowered the blind, an action which Teddy did not notice. The child shook his head.

"Father's gone out to dinner, and so has Uncle Jack—Uncle Jack only came the day before yesterday. Nurse and cook are in the kitchen; Kate—that's the housemaid—has gone to see her mother at Post Bridge; and Courtman's out with the dog-cart. Courtman's really nicer than any of them."

"Perhaps you are accustomed to playing by yourself?"

Tears suddenly rose in Teddy's eyes, but he tried to blink them away before the visitor could see them.

"There—there used to be mother, you know. Fathers are different somehow, aren't they? They haven't time, I suppose?" looking with wistful eyes at his visitor for confirmation of the fact.

"Quite different; there's nothing in the whole world like a mother." Geoffrey was thinking of his own boyhood's days.

A tear fell from Teddy's down-bent face on the carpet at the speaker's feet, but as it soaked in at once, Teddy hoped it had not been noticed. He rumbled his curly pate and heaved a sigh.

"I say, what shall we play at?"

"You choose," replied the man in grey, his hearing always painfully on the alert for surprises. "I must say that I'm rather tired of this get-up—yours is so much better than mine."

"Well, yours *is* rather hideous," said Teddy, endeavouring to mingle candour with politeness; "but then I suppose it's more uncommon than mine. I had it for a fancy dress ball, and I'm going to another soon, when they make a new mayor, you know, and I do so want to be able to turn a somersault."

"It would be useful."

"I shall have to manage to learn *somewhow*," said Teddy, with portentous gravity. "Bob Smith can turn beauties. I say," his eyes travelling afresh over the other's costume, "what *are* those things? Something like the tops of toasting-forks."

He broke into an infectious splutter of laughter, and Borradaile smiled in response, despite the torture of inaction.

"I can't imagine why I chose this rig-out," he replied, keeping up the farce. "I wish I'd something else to put on."

Teddy suddenly sprang into the air, his face red with excitement.

"Why, there are *heaps* and *heaps* of things

upstairs; let's go and get some, and then perhaps you'd teach me to turn a somersault? I can nearly do it—you'd only have to give me a shove at the right time. Do come along, only *very* quietly, or nurse will come, and I don't want her to."

Nor did Borradaile; and they stole across the hall and up the staircase, he taking off his heavy boots and carrying them under his arm, upon which Teddy, with a silent, burglarious chuckle of enjoyment, sat on the bottom stair and removed his little patent leather house shoes, tucking them under his capacious scarlet and white sleeve.

They had reached the top of the flight, when a voice from the hall below sent a sickening wave of terror over Borradaile.

"Master Theodore, where are you?"

Teddy held up his finger, warningly, and advanced to the top of the stairs.

"I'm here, nurse; I've only come to get something out of father's room; he said I could have it."

"It's getting on for your bedtime, so don't be long up there. I'll put your supper in the study, unless you'd like to have it with cook and me in the kitchen."

"I'm just not *going* to have it in the kitchen; put it in the study, and father said I could have some chicken if I liked."

The steps retreated again, to the accompaniment of muttered remarks, and Teddy, having routed the enemy, led the way triumphantly to his father's room.

"Nurse is so cross," he explained, trying at the same time to drag a heavy box forward. "I'm too old for a nurse now. Bob Smith says it's ridiculous. When we go home I shall be eight, and then I'll ask father if I can do without one."

"Isn't this your home?" asked Borradaile, his eyes glancing quickly round the dimly-lighted, untidy bedroom.

"One of 'em," replied Teddy; "the other's ever so much bigger; but I had fever, and the doctor said I was to come here for change. Hasn't my hair grown? You look as if you'd had fever, yours is so short."

Borradaile reddened, and passed his hand over his close-cropped head.

"I like short hair, Theodore."

Teddy began to laugh again, but fortunately, both in his utterances and his mirth, he kept up the *rôle* of burglar, and was very mysterious and silent.

"So does father and Uncle Jack. Uncle Jack wears his nearly as short as you. But, I say, everybody except the servants, and even some of them, call me Teddy."

He had opened the trunk and now displayed its contents, a heterogeneous collection of costumes, for Teddy's father was great at theatricals, and in his time had played many parts. There was a box of cosmetics, at sight of which Borradaile's face brightened. Luck seemed superlatively good, so far; surely it would not desert him now. Teddy, who had been watching his face, chuckled silently with pleasure.

"Choose whatever you like," he said,

revolver lying upon a side-table; he looked at it longingly, hesitated, then put it in his pocket. Then he stole to the head of the stairs and listened. The house was very quiet. He could hear Teddy humming softly to himself.

He made his way to the study, and held up his hand just in time to prevent the boy's exclamation.

"You're so like Uncle Jack," he said, walking round his guest, "and he just has



"CHOOSE WHATEVER YOU LIKE."

smoothing a laced satin coat that lay uppermost, "then, when you're ready, we'll pretend." Borradaile had already made his choice.

"Go down and wait for me, Teddy; you see I want to surprise you," as the boy's face lengthened. "Don't say a word to anyone, and I'll be with you in no time."

Teddy nodded, and ran off cheerfully enough, his parti-coloured raiment flapping round him as he ran.

In that other life which seemed so far away, Geoffrey Borradaile had also taken part in amateur theatricals. He changed characters now with a celerity he had never attained to in those days, donning the entire costume of a country gentleman which he found lying upon the bed just as his host had flung it, and leaving in exchange under the raiment in the trunk a suit of grey adorned with the broad arrow. There was a loaded

that *brown* look. But why *did* you choose such a stupid get-up? Let's have some supper, though, and then you'll teach me the somersault, won't you? Nurse is all right, because one of Farmer Giles's men has come in. The one she likes. Do be quick."

There was chicken on the table, and bread-and-butter and new milk. Teddy was far too excited to eat, and at no time had he a large appetite, yet to this day nurse tells how a little boy of seven disposed of half a chicken and unlimited bread-and-butter at one meal.

Geoffrey Borradaile ate hastily. There was the somersault instruction to be given, and he had a code of honour still which made it difficult to disappoint and break faith with a child. Yet it was madness to stay. He rose, went to the door, and listened. A subdued chatter, broken by a shout of laughter, came from the kitchen. He returned to Teddy,

who had watched his movements with interest.

"I believe you're afraid of her yourself!" he remarked, trying to balance a salt-spoon on the tip of his nose; "she's a beast to me, but then she couldn't do *now* any harm."

Borradaile made a sudden resolve. He placed the spoon on the table, and sitting down drew the boy to his knee. He seemed to have taken another character with his tweeds and immaculate linen, and something in his expression reduced Teddy to preternatural gravity.

"See here, Teddy, one man ought to help another out of a fix?"

can harm your father, Teddy, or it wouldn't be fair to ask you—but I'm in danger. What is your father's name, by the way?"

"Brooke, Captain Brooke."

"Ronald Brooke, of the —th?"

"Yes; he's not in the Army now. Do you know him?"

Borradaile's face had grown rigid and stern. He half put the boy away from him.

"I met him—once," he said, in a strained, hard voice that made Teddy tremble; "what was your mother's name?"

"Theodora," Teddy spoke almost timidly; "isn't it pretty?"

But the listener was listening no longer.



"SEE HERE, TEDDY, ONE MAN OUGHT TO HELP ANOTHER?"

Teddy nodded, his eyes fastened on the handsome, haggard face near his own.

"That's what father said one day to Uncle Jack, only *he* said a tight place. It's the same as a fix, perhaps?"

"Exactly the same. Well, I'm in a tight place, a *very* tight place, my boy, and you're the man to help me out of it."

Teddy's grey eyes darkened with pride; he nodded.

"Now," resumed Borradaile, "I don't want anybody to know I've been here, not even your father if you can help it, for a few days. I'm afraid he'll have to, though, on account of his clothes. However, in a few hours I hope to be with friends. It is nothing that

His thoughts had flown back over the space of a decade, to the time when his life had been bounded by a Theodora, the only girl he ever loved. She would have been faithful enough to the young lover whose wild oats were so plentiful a crop, but Ronald Brooke was rich and steady, even though he had the temper of a devil, and Theodora's constancy was overruled.

He broke in upon his own thoughts by taking Teddy's face between his hands and searching with hungry, longing eyes for a trace of resemblance. Teddy wriggled himself free. Borradaile rose to his feet hurriedly.

"I must go, Teddy. Do you mind post-

poning the somersault? I'm sorry, but I have so far to go to-night."

"I don't mind a bit about the somersault," said Teddy, "but I wish you hadn't to go. We've had such fun, haven't we?"

Borradaile forced a smile. After all, what had been fun to the boy might mean death to him, and he could not agree very heartily. He opened the window quietly.

"Good-bye, Teddy," he said; "I shall never forget."

But Teddy was fumbling in a corner of the cupboard, and only nodded over his shoulder in response. Borradaile made way rapidly down the drive, and had reached the gate, when he heard quick, pattering footsteps hastening after him.

It was Teddy, out of breath. He thrust something into Borradaile's hand.

"Here—I want you—to take this—you might be short. When Uncle Jack's in a tight place—he means he hasn't any money—and I thought—you mightn't either. It's mine—every bit, to do as I like with."

Teddy felt himself swung up into a pair of strong arms and literally hugged, and in his surprise at finding something wet upon his cheek forgot to wish that his visitor's face had been less prickly.

He was glad he had remembered what a tight place meant, but he stood for a moment somewhat forlornly in the drive swallowing a lump in his throat before turning to face nurse's probable scolding. What did he care for a scolding, when he had helped another man out of a tight place with his pillar-post money-box?

Geoffrey Borradaile had said he would not forget, and he never did.

Each year there comes to Teddy on a certain date a red pillar-post money-box containing a remembrance, trifling at first, but growing in value year by year.

And in the sanctum of one of the richest Australian sheep farmers, on a bracket above his easy-chair, stands the original red pillar-post, the founder of his fortunes.



"IT WAS TEDDY, OUT OF BREATH."

# From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XLIX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

MR. GLADSTONE'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

WRITING in the August number of THE STRAND about Mr. Gladstone's first speech in the House of Commons, I quoted a passage from a private letter, drawn from him on perusal of Mr. McCarthy's preface to White's "Inner Life of the House of Commons." The historian of "Our Own Times" asserted that the speech fell utterly unnoticed. Mr. Gladstone, jealous for the fame of the young member for Newark, corrected this statement with the remark: "My maiden speech was noticed in debate in a marked manner by Mr. Stanley, who was in charge of the Bill."

Reading over again the memoirs of the Earl of Albemarle, published more than twenty years ago, and now forgotten, I came upon a passage vividly illustrating contemporary opinion about this, now famous, then, in the main, uneventful, epoch in Parliamentary history.

"One evening, on taking my place," Lord Albemarle writes, "I found on his legs a beardless youth, with whose appearance and manner I was greatly struck. He had an earnest, intelligent countenance, and large, expressive, black eyes. Young as he was he had evidently what is called 'the ear of the House,' and yet the cause he advocated was not one likely to interest a popular assembly—that of the Planter *versus* the Slave. I had placed myself behind the Treasury Bench. 'Who is he?' I asked one of the Ministers. He was answered, 'He is the member for Newark—a young fellow who will some day make a great figure in Parliament.' My informant was Edward Geoffrey Stanley, then Whig Secretary for the Colonies, and in charge of the Negro Emancipation Bill, afterwards Earl of Derby. The young Conservative orator was William Ewart Gladstone—two statesmen who each subsequently became Prime Minister and Leader of the Party to

which he was at this time diametrically opposed."

A CONCEALED ERROR.

It is curious to note that Mr. Gladstone, adopting Mr. McCarthy's version, long current without question, speaks of this discourse as "my maiden speech." It was, as contemporary records show, so accepted by the House. As a matter of fact, supported by the irrefragable testimony of the *Mirror of Parliament*, his first speech was delivered on the 21st of February, 1833, the subject being the alleged discreditable state of things in Liverpool at Parliamentary and municipal elections. The speech of the 3rd of June in the same Session, to which Mr. McCarthy alludes, was delivered in Committee, upon consideration of resolutions submitted by Stanley, Colonial Secretary, as a preliminary to the emancipation of the West Indian slaves.

On turning back to the *Hansard* of the day, Mr. Gladstone's recollection of the Ministerial compliment is fully justified. Evidently it made a deep impression on the mind of the young member, remaining with him for more than sixty years. "If the hon. gentleman will permit me to make the observation," said the Colonial Secretary, "I beg to say I never listened with greater pleasure to any speech than I did to the speech of the hon. member for Newark, who then addressed the House, I believe, for the first time. He brought forward his case and argued it with a temper, an ability, and a fairness which may well be cited as a good model to many older members of this House, and which hold out to this House and to the country grounds of confident expectation that, whatever cause shall have the good fortune of his advocacy, will derive from it great support."

It will be observed that the Minister spoke without contradiction of Mr. Gladstone's



AN EARLY APPEARANCE IN THE PARLIAMENTARY RING.

speech as his first appearance on the Parliamentary scene, a circumstance which probably did much to crystallize the error.

Last month when the Speaker, having as he observed "for greater accuracy" obtained a copy of the Queen's Speech, read it from the Chair, members with few exceptions uncovered, sitting bare-headed whilst the Speaker lent to the bald sentences the music of his voice. In the heyday of Irish obstruction the Parnellites were wont to assert their national independence by stubbornly keeping their hats on whilst the Saxon on these occasions bared his aggressively loyal brow. This contumacy excited profound indignation among British members, suffusing a corresponding gleam of satisfaction over the expressive countenance of Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar and his colleagues from Ireland.

The member for Cavan would turn in his grave with mortification if he only knew—perhaps by this time he has learned—that in this designedly overt breach of order and decorum the Irish members were right, the loyal Saxons being in error. The rule which governs the House in these matters is that when the Sovereign—as in case of a reply to an address—dispatches a message personally and directly to the Commons, they sit uncovered to hear it read. But the reading by the Speaker of the Queen's Speech does not constitute the delivery of a message direct from Her Majesty to the Commons. As a matter of fact, the Speech is addressed to Lords and Commons collectively, with one paragraph exclusively addressed to the Commons. The message they receive standing at the Bar of the House of Lords.

In earlier Parliamentary times, when there were no special editions of evening papers forthcoming with verbatim reports of the Speech from the Throne, it was found a matter of convenience for the Speaker to read the document for the edification of those who had not been able to attend the ceremony in the other House. The custom, like many others that have become ana-

chronisms, is still observed. But it does not import the necessity of removing the hat. Last Session note was taken in one of the newspapers of the fact that Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman kept on his hat whilst the Queen's Speech was read from the Chair. He was strictly following the manner of the *vielle école*, observing a custom common when he first entered the House.

PICTURES  
IN AN OLD  
PARLIAM-  
ENT.

More than a hundred years ago a young Prussian clergyman, Moritz by name, visited this country, travelling on foot from London through Oxford as far north as Derby and home by Nottingham. He described his impressions in a series of homely letters written to a friend. The book found modest publication, appearing in this

country in a slim volume bearing date 1795. Moritz visited the House of Commons, and in his quiet, matter-of-fact way paints the scene in which Pitt, Fox, and Burke loomed large.

"Passing through Westminster Hall," he reports, "you ascend a few steps at the end, and are led through a dark passage into the House of Commons." Westminster Hall remains to-day as it was when the quiet-mannered, observant Prussian passed through it. The steps at the end are there, but the House

of Commons, to which he presently obtained entrance, was, more than half a century later, burned to the ground. Entrance to the Strangers' Gallery in those days was approached, as it is now, by a small staircase.

"The first time I went up this small staircase," says the ingenuous visitor, "and had reached the rails, I saw a very genteel man in black standing there. I accosted him without any introduction, and I asked him whether I might be allowed to go into the gallery. He told me that I must be introduced by a member, or else I could not get admission there. Now, as I had not the honour to be acquainted with a member, I was under the mortifying necessity of retreating and again going downstairs, as I did much chagrined. And now, as I was sullenly marching back,



A GLEAM OF SATISFACTION ON MR. BIGGAR'S FACE.

I heard something said about a bottle of wine which seemed to be addressed to me. I could not conceive what it could mean till I got home, when my obliging landlady told me I should have given the well-dressed man half a crown or a couple of shillings for a bottle of wine. Happy in this information, I went again the next day; when the same man who before had sent me away, after I had given him only two shillings very politely opened the door for me, and himself recommended me to a good seat in the gallery."

Strangers visiting the House of Commons will know how far we have advanced beyond the level of morality here indicated.

Mr. Moritz found the House of Commons "rather a mean-looking building, not a little resembling a chapel. The Speaker, an elderly man with an enormous wig with two knotted kind of tresses, or curls, behind, in a black cloak, his hat on his head, sat opposite to me on a lofty chair." The Speaker of the House of Commons long ago removed his hat, which in modern Parliamentary proceedings appears only when he produces it from an unsuspected recess and uses it pointing to members when he counts the House. "The members of the House of Commons," he notes, "have

nothing particular in their dress. They even come into the House in their great-coats with boots and spurs," which to-day would be thought a something very particular indeed. "It is not at all uncommon to see a member lying stretched out on one of the benches whilst others are debating. Some crack nuts, others eat oranges, or whatever else is in season."

We have changed all that. During the all-night sittings in the heyday of the Land League Party an Irish member brought a paper bag of buns with him, and proceeded to

refresh himself in the intervals of speech-making. This outrage on the Constitution was swiftly and sternly rebuked from the Chair, and was never repeated. Another old-world custom of the House noted by the stranger who looked down from the gallery

a hundred and seventeen years ago was that members addressing their remarks to the Speaker prefaced them, as they do at this day, with the observation "Sir." "The Speaker on being thus addressed generally moves his hat a little, but immediately puts it on again." The Speaker not now wearing a hat cannot observe this courteous custom. But it exists to this day among members

generally. A member referred to by another in the course of his speech always lifts his hat, in recognition of the attention, complimentary or otherwise.

In the House of Lords, more conservative of old customs than the Commons, the Lord Chancellor is upon certain occasions seen of men with a three-cornered hat crowning his full-bottomed wig. This happens when new peers take the oath and their seat. As the new peer is conducted on his quaint peregrination and salutes the Lord Chancellor from

the Barons' or Earls' bench, to which he has been inducted, the Lord Chancellor responds by thrice gravely uplifting his three-cornered hat. Another time when he wears his hat in the House is when acting with other Royal Commissioners at the opening of Parliament, at its Prorogation, or at the giving the Royal Assent to Bills.

The Prussian chanced to visit the House on the historic occasion when proposal was made for doing honour to Admiral Rodney, the



M.P. OLIVER TOL.



CHARLES JAMES FOX.  
(From an Old Portrait.)

gallant victor at Cape St. Vincent. "Fox," Mr. Moritz reports, "was sitting to the right of the Speaker, not far from the table on which the gilt sceptre lay. He now took his place so near it that he could reach it with his hand and, thus placed, he gave it many a violent and hearty thump, either to aid or to show the energy with which he spoke. It is impossible for me to describe with what fire and persuasive eloquence he spoke, and how the Speaker in the Chair incessantly nodded approbation from beneath his solemn wig. Innumerable voices incessantly called out, 'Hear him! hear him!' and when there was the least sign that he intended to leave off speaking they no less vociferously exclaimed 'Go on.' And so he continued to speak in this manner for nearly two hours."

"Charles Fox," writes this precursor of "Pictures in Parliament," "is a short, fat, and gross man, with a swarthy complexion, and dark; and in general he is badly dressed. There certainly is something Jewish in his looks. But upon the whole he is not an ill-made, nor an ill-looking, man, and there are strong marks of sagacity and fire in his eyes. Burke is a well-made, tall, upright man, but looks elderly and broken. Rigby is excessively corpulent, and has a jolly, rubicund face."

"STRANGERS TO - day precedes every division in the House of Commons. But it is peremptory only

with the few otherwise favoured strangers who have obtained seats beneath the gallery. The reason for this is obvious. Being actually on the floor of the House, they might, by accident or design, stray into the division lobby, leading to grievous complications in the voting. Mr. Moritz makes the interesting note that when the division on the Rodney vote was pending, members, turning their faces towards the gallery, called aloud, "Withdraw! Withdraw!" "On this," he writes, "the strangers withdraw, and are shut up in a small room at the foot of the stairs till the voting is over, when they are again permitted to take their places in the gallery."

In our time, strangers in the gallery, despite the order to withdraw, retain their seats. Only those who, with pride of port, have been conducted to the special seats under the gallery are marched out, conducted across the lobby, and left outside the locked doors till the division is over. According to Mr. Moritz's testimony, the Strangers' Galleries were not exclusively allotted to men, ladies mingling in the closely-packed company. The old House of Commons had no Ladies' Gallery, though in addition to permission to enter the ordinary Strangers' Gallery, ladies were admitted to a sort of cage in the roof, railed off from the aperture provided for the escape of hot air generated by the candles. It was from this place that Mr. Gladstone, in his first Session of the House of Commons, saw a fan flutter down in the middle of an important debate.

There was, of course, no such thing as a Press Gallery in the days before the earlier Revolution in France. "Two shorthand writers," says the stranger in the gallery, whose quick glance nothing escapes, "have sat sometimes not far distant from me, who, though it is rather by stealth, endeavour to take down the words of the speaker. Thus all that is very remarkable in what is said in Parliament may generally be read in print the next day."

Dr. Johnson often sat in this gallery, though he did not use shorthand in reporting the speeches. The omission would doubtless

be to the advantage of some speakers. Mr. Moritz heard that those in constant attendance with the object of reporting the debates paid the door-keeper a guinea for the privilege of the Session. The fee was paid in advance.

There was no Strangers' Gallery in the House of Peers at that time, but the irresistible Prussian seems to have gained admission. He writes: "There appears to be much more politeness and more courteous behaviour with the members of the

Upper House. But he who wishes to observe mankind and to contemplate the leading traits of the different characters most strongly marked, will do well to attend



DR. JOHNSON WATCHING PARLIAMENT.



frequently the lower rather than the upper House." Those familiar with both Houses of Parliament will know how admirably this shrewd advice pertains to the present day.

The Session is already three weeks old, but the lobby has "FERDY," not yet lost a certain sense of desolateness since Baron Ferdy Rothschild comes not any more. He was not, in the ordinary sense of the term, a Parliamentary figure. I have no recollection of hearing him make a speech. He was not given to sitting up late at night in order to save the State or (the same thing) serve his party. But he was a man of wide human sympathies, and the House of Commons, microcosm of humanity, irresistibly attracted him.

His habit of an afternoon was to enter the lobby, generally after questions were over. With one hand in his pocket, and a smile on his face, he made straightway for a friend, standing in an accustomed spot by the doorkeeper's chair, and "wanted to know" everything that had happened since the House met, and what was going on next. Baron Ferdy, otherwise a distinct individuality in his notable family, had, in marked degree, their characteristic of acquiring information. He always "wanted to know." This habitude was indicative of the universality of his sympathy. He was one of the most unaffectedly kind-hearted men I ever knew. Looking in upon him one morning in his study at Waddesdon, I found him seated before two heaps of opened letters, one very much smaller than the other. "All begging letters," he said, glancing, with a faint smile, towards the larger bundle.

Undeterred by their predominance and persistency, Baron Ferdy had, in accordance with his custom, spent an early hour of the morning in going through them himself, fearful lest he might miss a genuine case of distress that he could alleviate.

His ways of CHARITY. It was not money only he bestowed. Out of its abundance a cheque more or less was nothing. More self-sacrificing, he gave time and personal attention, not shrink-

ing from putting himself under a personal obligation in order to assist someone who really had no claim upon him. The longest letter I ever had from him begged me to obtain an appointment on the London Press for a country journalist. He followed it up with renewed personal applications, impatiently treating my plea that, there being no vacancy within my knowledge, it would not be possible violently to supersede any one of the leading contributors to London

journals in order to make room for his *protégé*. Judging from the ardour of the pursuit, I concluded the gentleman in question must in some way be closely connected with the Baron or his establishment. On inquiry I found he had never seen him—knew nothing about him save particulars set forth in a letter the youth had written to him. It was the old story of unrest and yearning ambition, familiar to all of us who have served on the treadmill of the Press. It was new to Baron Ferdy. It touched his kind heart, and he espoused the youth's cause with fervour that could not have been excelled had he been a kinsman.

"A CUP OF WATER." Another of his quiet kindnesses, of which I had personal knowledge, befell on the day of the wedding of the Duchess

of York. He had invited a few friends to view the scene from the balcony of his mansion in Piccadilly. The crowd at this favoured spot, commanding the *débouchement* from Constitution Hill, was enormous. The day was intensely hot, men and women fainting in the crowd, gasping for water. Baron Ferdy, observing this from the balcony, ran downstairs, ordered the servants to bring buckets of fresh water into the barricaded space before the house, and stationed two of them in a position overlooking the barricade, whence they could hand down tumblers of water to the thirsty and grateful crowd. Last year but one, on the occasion of the Queen's Golden Jubilee, Baron Ferdy, never neglectful of opportunity to do a kindness, made, in advance, preparations for relieving the discomfort of the crowd at his gates. Finding in the



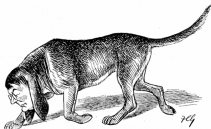
BARON "FERDY."

course of the day that the police on duty had had nothing to eat since they turned out in the morning, he, as soon as the business of the day was over, sent out into the highways and by-ways, and compelled the not unwilling police to come in and partake of the sumptuous banquet he had prepared by way of luncheon for his personal friends, watching the scene from the balcony.

These are but trifling things. I tell them as happening to have come under my personal observation. They are indicative of the sweetness of Baron Ferdy's nature, the boundless charity of his disposition. The catalogue would be indefinitely extended if everyone who knew him were to contribute his item. The House of Commons could better have spared a more prominent politician, a more frequent contributor to its daily debates.

THE HERITABLE USHER OF SCOTLAND. It would be interesting to know whether, in all respects, Scotland stands where it did since the salary of its Heritable Usher is no longer carried on the books of the Consolidated Fund. What were precisely the duties of the Heritable Usher is not known. Long ago the inheritor did his last ushering, his heirs selling for a considerable mess of pottage the salary pertaining to the office. It was created in the year 1393, and by solemn Act of the Parliament of Scotland was conferred upon Alexander Cockburn, of Langton, and his heirs. Subsequent Acts of the Scottish Parliament, passed in 1681 and 1686, confirmed the original grant, the latter Act attaching a salary of £250 a year to the office. When the union of England and Scotland was effected the Heritable Usher, with many similar useful persons, was established in possession of his dignity and emoluments by a special clause in the Treaty of Union providing that "all heritable offices, superiorities, etc., being reserved to the owners thereof as rights of property in the same manner as they are now enjoyed by the laws

of Scotland, notwithstanding of this treaty." At the beginning of the century the office with the salary, being a marketable commodity, was acquired by one Sir Patrick Walker, who, with nice precision, paid a sum equivalent to thirty-one and a quarter years' purchase. The office and, what is much more important, the salary finally came into the possession of the Dean and Chapter of the Episcopal Cathedral of St. Mary's, Edinburgh. Mr. Hanbury, who, in his capacity of Financial Secretary to the Treasury, has a keen scent for these ancient jobs, has concluded a transaction for the computation of the salary. The Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral of



A KEEN SCENT FOR JOBS (MR. HANBURY).

St. Mary's will pouch a trifle under £7,000, and the Heritable Usher of Scotland will be ushered into final obscurity.

It will be a nice task for any boy home for the holidays to reckon up with compound interest what the Heritable Usher of Scotland has cost Great Britain since he stepped on the scene in the year of Our Lord 1393.

This transaction has been conducted in pursuance of a FIELD. Treasury Minute founded upon the report of a House of Commons' Committee which met twelve years ago to consider the subject of perpetual pensions. They recommend that holders of pension allowances or payments which the Law Officers of the Crown consider to be permanent in character, but to which no obligation of an onerous kind attaches, should be invited to commute.

## Animal Actualities.

*NOTE.*—These articles consist of a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. We shall be glad to receive similar anecdotes, fully authenticated by names of witnesses, for use in future numbers. While the stories themselves will be matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist will treat the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.

### XI.



**T**HIS is a tale of shameful persecution of the Metropolitan police by a lawless gander and his abetting wives.

In New Road, Mile End, there was a dairy where poultry was kept. Most eminent among this poultry, and chiefly notorious in the neighbourhood, were a gander and four geese. The gander was a large and athletic bird, great in enterprise and immensely venerated by his consorts. It was the way of the troop to form a solemn procession which perambulated the New Road in ponderous state, seeking what or whom it might devour, and during these expeditions the outdoor life of Mile End never lacked for humorous incident. For some time the family enterprise was chiefly directed toward the maltster's opposite the

dairy, and the constant procession of the dignified gander, followed in single file by his harem, strictly in order of precedence, toward the grain-sacks, and the equally constant retreat of the lot, as fast as they could go, with quacks of injured dignity and no order at all, when repelled by the maltster's men, brightened the faces of the passers-by and filled the humorous souls of Mile End boys with gladness. For the gander was apt to be aggressive, his wives followed his example, and the maltster's men disapproved.

Persistently repelled from the grain-sacks, the gander and his ladies began a stately parade of the streets. There are area-gratings flush with the pavement in the New Road, and one day it occurred to somebody in an area to thrust a crust between the bars. The

gander absorbed the crust, but the significance of the hint was absorbed in equal quantities by the entire *cortège*, and the next morning the same area was decorated with the same fringe of geese, who declined to

biscuit as he went. There were a few loose crumbs and pieces in his hand, and in an evil moment he caught sight of the birds. Little suspecting what would be the terrible consequences to the Force,



THE BEGINNING OF IT.

leave till yesterday's dose had been repeated. Then they tried every grating in the street in succession, and before long had succeeded in levying a sort of area-tax on the suffering ratepayers of Mile End, returning home after every collection heavily laden, waddling, but preposterously dignified as ever, a source of joy to any onlooker capable of laughter.

But one day a policeman passed on his beat—a policeman whose notions of official dignity did not prevent him munching a

that unlucky policeman bestowed the broken pieces on the gander and his consorts, and went placidly on his beat, unconscious of ill. Mr. Ward, of 67, New Road, had observed this from his window, and saw also the horrible sequel. For on the following day that policeman passed again (but this time with no biscuits), and the geese knew him, and rushed at him with outstretched necks, flapping wings, and wild screeches. And not at this policeman alone, but at every



THE FATAL STEP.



THE SERGEANT.

other policeman who ventured to perform his duty in New Road, Mile End. Words cannot express the terrific scene when a more than usually ponderously-important sergeant was mobbed by this subversive gang. They came at him with yells and flaps, and waited expectantly about him. The sergeant took no notice, but walked on, even more vastly magnificent than before. And behind him, in single file, came the geese, solemn and dignified, too, in their own way. This wouldn't do. An important

the creatures away; whereat they gave a simultaneous quack and grew more eager. That wouldn't do, either. The sergeant turned to walk on, and instantly the geese lined up behind him again, and the pageant recommenced. It was very awkward. The sergeant stopped, and the geese made an expectant, long-necked circle about him, quacking indignantly at this delay in producing the desired biscuits. The sergeant looked abstractedly at the house-chimneys, folded his hands as though about to begin a



THE PROCESSION.

sergeant of police, stalking first in a procession the other members of which were a large gander and his four wives in order of seniority, was an object inconsistent with the dignity of the Force. So he turned to drive

long period of meditation, did everything he could think of to suggest to the minds of his persecutors that they had drawn him blank, and had best go away. Not they, however. The longer they waited, the more im-



RESIST.

portunate they grew, and, when the unhappy sergeant made to move on, the procession formed again! A small crowd had collected, and it soon occurred to some small boy to yell "Who stole the goose?" And so the poor victim was harnessed the length of two long and derisive streets, till someone came from the dairy and drove the birds back.

It was a terrible affliction, and not this sergeant alone, but every policeman who

ventured into New Road in uniform was an equal sufferer. People in the interiors of their houses heard a burst of quacks and flaps, and said one to another, "Here comes a policeman." Nothing could rid the Force of the terror, and the cause of law and order seemed in a fair way to be wholly overset. Till at last urgent representations from the police-station led to the confinement of the birds within the dairy-yard.



RESCUED AT LAST!



BY

HENRY A. HERING.

1675.



**C**AVALANCI DA SALÒ was one day in his workshop opposite the old Palace of the Podestà in Brescia. On the shelves around were numerous examples of his work, their rich gold varnish, for which he was afterwards so famous, glistening in the sunlight. But Cavalanci sat on a bench disconsolate.

"Diavolo," he at length exclaimed, letting a half-unfurled scroll fall unheeded from his hand, "is this to be the end of Brescian dreams? Here is music lying dead, enough to charm the ears of half Italy, and yet, forsooth, he who wants viol or violin must needs hasten to Cremona for the imitations of the Amanti, Guarneri, or of Antonio Stradivari. Times are indeed changed that I, Gasparo's grandson, must offer my work and find no purchasers, unless it be the mountebanks of the village fairs. Truly, I pay dearly for a father's folly. Instead of roaming Western seas, why stayed he not at home to earn the mantle which fell on Maggini's shoulders, from whom I had to learn all a father should have taught? And his son Carlo, in like manner, is content to merce flimsy silk rather than pursue immortal work. We are ingrates here, while in Cremona loyalty, at any rate, thrives, and son succeeds father to Brescian hurt."

Then he rose and paced the room savagely, kicking what tools or wood fell in his way.

"But what mends it," he muttered, "mouthing of fallen hopes? Present claims are more urgent. Sixteen lire were due to Carlo for rent more than a month ago. His grace expires to-morrow, and well I know no memories of the past will stay his hand. My stock and tools alone are worth a hundred lire; therefore old Tubal would give me ten. Perchance I might haggle the whole sixteen, and then—Corpo di Bacco, that it should come to this!—Gasparo's grandson an outcast, while Guarneri and Stradivari, base copiers, flourish! By all that is unholy, I swear I'd sell my soul to the Evil One himself could I but outdo them in fame."

There was a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a fearful thunder-peal, and then, sulphurous darkness filled the shop. When light came Cavalanci was conscious of the presence of another. He half-hoped, half-dreaded, to see the Devil on whom he had so impiously called—but it was seemingly only a chance customer. Yet it was afterwards said that he was something more, for Cavalanci paid his rent next day, the fame of his instruments increased forthwith, and he died a rich, though not a happy, man.

1875.

"DEAR SIR,"—the letter ran,—"We are instructed by Messrs. Ware and Foster, executors under the will of the late Mr. Josephus Wilson, to intimate to you that the testator bequeathed to you his violin. We are send-

ing it you by special messenger herewith, and will thank you to sign inclosed acknowledgment of receipt.

"Yours respectfully,  
"DANES AND DANES."

I handed the letter to Dawson.

"Well, I've heard of heaping coals of fire on your enemy's head," he remarked, when he had read it, "but I never came across such a remarkable instance of the operation as this. Are you going to take it?"

"Why not? I will accept it as the peace-offering for which it was obviously intended. As a matter of fact, a post-mortem reconciliation was the only one I would have agreed to. Yes, certainly I will take it."

So I signed the receipt and accepted the bequest.

I undid the parcel and took the violin from its battered case.

"Why, it's as yellow as a guinea," I exclaimed, in surprise; I had never seen such a light one.

"Wilson was uncommonly proud of the colour," said Dawson, "and he was simply infatuated with the instrument. Latterly they couldn't tear him away from it. He never would play it before anyone, though. That was another of his cranks. He used to shut himself up with it all day long, and play both it and the piano simultaneously."

I expressed my doubts as to this possibility.

"At any rate, Wilson did it: I've heard him myself, though I never actually saw the operation." Saying which, Dawson sat down on the stool and resumed the interrupted nocturne.

Then a remarkable thing happened. He had not played half-a-dozen chords before a long-drawn-out note came from the violin

I was still fingering. I nearly dropped it in my amazement.

"Here, stop that," said Dawson, wheeling round.

"I did not touch a string. It made that noise of itself."

"Humbug! Don't do it again, that's all," he replied, snappishly, resuming his interrupted piece.

Again, as he struck the keyboard, the violin sounded. Without stopping Dawson turned his head, and when he saw me a couple of yards away from the violin, his expression of annoyance changed to one of open-eyed amazement, for he was still playing the piano, and the notes that continued to proceed from the violin were in harmony with his piece.

He stopped suddenly, and with him the violin.

"Did you hear that?" he asked, in a scared voice.

I was too much astonished to reply, and we both stared at the instrument for some minutes in absolute silence.

"It's a sympathetic fiddle," I said, at length, for the mere sake of saying something.

"It seems a bit that way," replied Dawson, drily; "but I never heard one so sympathetic as all that."

He turned round to the piano and commenced afresh, and again the violin joined in. This time Dawson did not stop, and the duet continued in absolute harmony.

I bent over the instrument. The varnish seemed brighter than before. The sun glinted topaz lights upon it, with changing gleams of purple and brown; the strings quivered as though touched by an unseen bow. I felt a cold shiver run down my



"I UNDOED THE PARCEL, AND TOOK THE VIOLIN FROM ITS CASE."



spine as I watched; it was altogether too uncanny.

The piano stopped; simultaneously the violin. Dawson wheeled round and gazed at it.

"Well, of all the extraordinary things!" he ejaculated. "What on earth does it mean?"

"Let's see if it will follow me," I said, irrelevantly, taking his seat.

Once I learnt to play on the piano, and I still remember the treble of two tunes—"Haydn's Surprise" and "God bless the Prince of Wales." I played the first, but the violin remained impassive. Maybe the bass I improvised puzzled it: at any rate, it did not join in. Then I tried the second air, and with no better success. Then Dawson played with his right hand only, and it struck in at once.

"It isn't particularly respectful to its owner," I remarked. "It seems to me, Dawson, this fiddle has taken an altogether unnecessary liking for you. Wilson should have left it to you instead."

"If you want to part with it I shall be glad to offer it a home," said Dawson with what appeared to me ineffectual haste.

"You can take it away now, Dawson," I rejoined. "I want no unwilling visitor here."

He seemed singularly pleased with the present, and he left me that evening with the fiddle-case in his hand.

Immediately after this I made a long foreign tour, and it was nearly twelve months before I saw him again. I wrote advising him of my return, and asked him to look me up, but as he neither did so nor wrote, I called upon him.

He lived in rooms in Bloomsbury. The servant told me he was in, but added that she did not think he would see me.

"Is he ill?" I asked.

"No, sir, but he's playing; and he won't ever see anyone then."

This was a new development in his character. Telling the servant it would be all right, I made my way upstairs.

Yes, Dawson was undoubtedly playing, and someone was helping him, for there were piano and violin.

I tapped and then turned the handle, but the door was locked. I knocked loudly and called to Dawson to open it.

There was a moment's pause—or rather the piano stopped, but the violin went on.

"Who's there?" shouted Dawson, in a peevish voice.

"Saunders!"

"Wait a minute," was the curt reply; and on the piano galloped as if to overtake its companion. I don't think it accomplished this, for the violin shrieked as if in anger at

the delay, and the piano rushed on blindly and apologetically. Then in a fierce crescendo of disgust the fiddle ceased. The piano put on the brake, slowed down, and stopped.

The door opened and Dawson bade me enter. He was alone.

"Where's your friend?" I asked; and then, catching sight of a yellow violin on the table, I suddenly remembered: I had just been listening to another duet between Dawson and my self-acting legacy.

Dawson made no reply, but sank into a chair and wiped the perspiration from his face

with trembling hands. He seemed altogether out of condition.

"What's the matter, old man?" I asked.

"You don't seem well."

Dawson gloomily pointed to the fiddle.

"That's what's the matter," he replied, with a ghastly smile.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD MAN?"

"What, my sympathetic fiddle? You don't mean to say you've had too much of it already? I'll take it back if you don't like it."

"You can't take it back. It's a Cavalanci."

"Well, it won't bite, will it?"

"When a man once gets a Cavalanci and plays to it, it sticks to him like the Old Man of the Sea, and no power on earth can take it away from him," said Dawson, sententiously.

"Humbug!"

"Look at the wreck I am," he replied.

"There's no humbug about that, is there? And I've only the Cavalanci to thank for it."

"You do look bad," I admitted. "But tell me all about it. What do you mean by a Cavalanci?"

Dawson leaned back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling.

"Cavalanci," said he, slowly, "was a competitor of Stradivarius, and he determined to outshine his rival. According to the legend, which I for one now implicitly believe, he sold his soul to the Devil to gain his ends. His instruments became all the rage, till it was found that their owners invariably went mad, as I am going. Then the demand ceased and bonfires were made of them whenever possible. I have learnt that there are only four extant now, and this cursed thing is one of them."

"Why not burn that as well, if it annoys you?"

"I dare not. Its owner can only destroy his Cavalanci on his death-bed. Wilson could have done it, but as he owed you a grudge he passed it on to you instead. Would to Heaven you'd been the first to play in its diabolic presence."

"I'll destroy it, if you won't," I said. I grabbed at it, and was about to break it across my knee when Dawson sprang forward with a terrible cry.

"No, no, Saunders. You'd kill me if you did it." He caught the instrument in his hands and huddled it to him as if it were a child.

It was a painful spectacle. I watched him pityingly.

"Saunders," he said, at length, "you don't know what a time of it I've had since I got hold of this infernal thing."

"You seemed pleased enough to get it at the time."

"And so I was. It seemed scarcely credible, but as I played with the thing in your room, an overwhelming desire for possession came over me. I pretty well

asked for it, and if you had refused to give it me, I think I should have taken it by main force. I simply craved for that fiddle."

"Then if you wanted it so badly, why does its possession worry you?"

"Because, Saunders, it makes my life a perfect misery. Man, I'm its slave. It takes the lead now. When it wishes to play—and it is always wishing it—I have to accompany it wherever I am. Distance makes no difference, and I have to play till it is satisfied. I found that out about a week after I got it. I was at the Venables'. In the middle of dinner I felt a terrible longing stealing over me. I wanted to play. I tried to control myself, but play I must or go mad. Scarcely apologizing, I left the table, ran into the drawing-room, and sat down at the piano. I don't know what I played, but the moment my fingers touched the keys I was filled with a feeling of content and delight. I was still playing when the ladies entered. Mrs. Venables must have thought me mad, for I did not stop. She sent for her husband, who came and asked me to return to the table. I nodded to him and went on. Suddenly my feelings changed, and I was only aware that I was making a terrible fool of myself. The full force of my social enormity fell upon me, and, livid with confusion, I made some incoherent apology and fled from the house."

"From that night my reputation for eccentricity was firmly established, and I have added to it from time to time, for I am never safe, and can go nowhere without the danger of a similar occurrence. The following Sunday I went to the Wilmers'. There were plenty of delightful people there, and for a time I forgot my wretched position. Suddenly the same mad impulse came over me. There was a long-haired German at the piano, but it didn't matter. I flicked him off the stool, and, surrounded by a gaping crowd, went through Heaven knows what composition. But I did not care: I was happy. Then when my master was satisfied again the terrible awakening came, and I flung myself out of the room like a madman—they all thought I was. It's just fiendish, Saunders. I rarely can go anywhere without making a fool of myself. It's just maddening to think of the ignominy of it all."

"But, my dear chap, why don't you lose it? Put it in an express train, with a fictitious address, and wash your hands of it."

"I've tried it," said Dawson, wearily. "Before I knew all I have since learnt from bitter experience, I packed it off by P. and O. boat, addressed to the Grand Llama of



"I FLICKED HIM OFF THE STOOL."

Tibet. I thought he might be able to deal with it if he ever got it. I suffered agonies from the separation, and it must have been very lively on the journey. For I had to play to it just the same. And then, after all, it came back to me marked 'Gone—Left no address,' and I don't know what I hadn't to pay for carriage. How they found out the sender, goodness only knows. I have left it in trains, but it *never fails* to come back, and I have always suffered during its absence. I took it to a pawnshop and destroyed the ticket, but the yearning for it was so fearful I had to get it out by making a false declaration about the ticket before a magistrate. I can't bear to be away from it. When I play its accompaniments a feeling of intense happiness and satisfaction steals over me, but afterwards the sense of the ignominy of it all is terrible. I can do nothing in life but minister to the caprices of a Cavallanci violin—and finally go crazy."

Just as he ended there was a tap at the door, and the servant appeared with a parcel. It was a disreputable-looking object. The

paper was ragged and dirty, the string knotted and loosely tied.

Dawson looked at it doubtfully.

"Are you sure it's for me?" he asked.

"Who brought it?"

"He looked like a circus man, sir," replied the maid, "and he was most particular in saying it was for you."

"A circus man," muttered Dawson, as he tore off the wrapper. A violin-case was exposed to view. He opened it, and then gave vent to a yell of dismay. I looked at the contents. It was a yellow violin.

"What, another Cavallanci!" I exclaimed.

"It looks like it," said Dawson, bitterly. "One's quite enough for any family. I don't know to whom I'm indebted for this particular attention, but I should like to wring his precious neck." Then he banged the lid to.

"Here, Saunders," said he, "you can do me this good turn at any rate. Take this outside—leave

it in a 'bus or pitch it into a dust-bin; do anything you like with it, only take it away, and it will work its passage to its owner. But do it at once. I may have to play any minute to satisfy my own fiddle, and I don't know what complication would result. Take it, man, this minute."

To satisfy him I took hold of the thing, put on my hat and opened the door. I nearly fell over the servant, who was about to knock; behind her was a tall, fur-coated man whom I did not remember to have seen before. And, good heavens! in his hand was a violin-case! The place seemed infested with fiddles.

I was brushing past him, but he laid a heavy hand on my shoulder and forced me back into the room. He himself followed, closed the door, and placed himself before it.

"Excuse my roughness, sir," said he, with a strong nasal twang, "but air you James Dawson?"

"No," I replied; "that's the gentleman," pointing to Dawson, who was standing with

eyes staring out of his head, fixed on the stranger's violin-case.

"Don't stay, Saunders," he almost shrieked, "take it away. There's not a moment to be lost."

But the new-comer effectually barred the way.

Dawson was almost beside himself. He grabbed hold of the poker, but the stranger coolly threw his case on the table and from his breast produced a tiny revolver.

"Two can play at that pertic'ler game, sir," said he, "and I reckon the betting's on my side to-day."

And there we stood.

"Perhaps you'll kindly explain what you mean by this intrusion?" I said, hotly.

"No objection at all," said the American, for so I judged him to be. "I'd have done so at once if James Dawson hadn't been so demonstrative. You see, Colonel, it's thish-yer way. That infernal cuss, Cavalanci—"

Again the door opened, and this time a heavily muffled foreigner with spectacles and long hair appeared, and, ye gods! he also had a violin-case.

"Goot," said the latest arrival, "I see dat I am joost in de nick off time. Goot evenings, shentlemens all," and with this he placed his case and hat on the table and proceeded to divest himself of his wraps.

"Bravo," said the Yankee, "I'm glad to see you, Bloomstein. We are now complete—the four extant Cavalanci and the four owners."

"I'm not an owner," I said, in alarm, for I did not at all like the turn things were taking.

"You're the Baboo from Benares, ain't you?" asked the American.

"No, sir, I'm not. I'm a friend of Mr. Dawson. I was simply calling upon him, and I think I'll go now. I don't wish to intrude on your proceedings."

"No, you don't, sir," said he, turning the

key in the door and pocketing it. "Not till I'm clear on the subject. Whose fiddle's that?" pointing to the one I held.

"It's just come in a parcel," said I.

"Allow me to look at it, please," said the Yankee, still toying with his revolver.

He placed the case on the table, opened it, and drew forth the violin. Underneath it was a letter.

"Ah, thishyer's thingumy's fist," said he, "and no doubt it will explain. Here, Colonel, you look like an Oriental scholar, so, perhaps, you'll decipher it." And he handed me the letter.

The handwriting was like a copy-book heading, but the composition was peculiar. This is what I read:—

"Honoured Sir,—It mortifies me deeply not to intrude at happy conversazione. I have made blue in the Wiski of Scotchland the rupees obligingly forwarded so there is no ability in me to pay for a transit. To-day the Gangees receives a solid addition but my fiddle of spanking yellow will reach you timely by a holy gentleman of Shore-ditch. — Faithful and truly, "DONNERGEE JUGGERNAUT."

"The cur!" exclaimed the Yankee, when I had finished reading this singular epistle. "Why didn't he destroy his Cavalanci before he committed suicide instead of passing it on here? Someone will

have to own it or the whole scheme will fall through. Here, Colonel," addressing me, "you're the odd man out. You've got to take possession of that Cavalanci."

"I beg to decline the honour," I replied, firmly.

The Yankee lifted his revolver threateningly.

"Nein, nein," broke in the German, "do not shet his blood. Egsblain de matter to de shentlemans und he vill understand."

"Right," said the Yankee, seating himself astride of a chair, with his back to the



"I RECKON THE BETTING'S ON MY SIDE TO-DAY."



"I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, ELOOMSTEIN."

door, revolver still in hand. "It's thishyer way, and maybe if I had told you at first I should have had a warmer reception from James Dawson. My name is Masters—Simpson K. Masters, of Tontine, Dak. I am the unfortunate owner of this instrument, and I need hardly tell you what its possession entails."

A groan broke from the German. "Ja, ja; dat is so," he said.

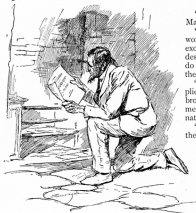
"It was left me about five years ago by a lady who had lost her breach of promise action against me, and when I fully realized that I should probably grow woolly if I could not get rid of it, I determined to devote what leisure the infernal instrument left me to making inquiries about Cavalanci and his curse—for, as most poisons have their antidote, I reckoned the same arrangement held good for curses. I spent all last year at Brescia, where these things were manufactured. I bought up every vestige of a relic of Cavalanci, took his shop for a spell of 999 years, and was prepared to stay my lease out unless I got what

I wanted. I searched every corner and cranny of that air shop after the manner prescribed by the late E. A. Poe. I spent days in the chimneys, and wasted a power of time in the roof; I took his old tester-bed to bits, and probed every inch of its wood; and worked at the anatomy of the building till the authorities sent word it was likely to fall, but all to no purpose.

"I had about given up hope when I chanced upon a lineal descendant of Cavalanci—a decayed Italian nobleman in the retail macaroni business. From him I learnt of the existence of a tradition that Cavalanci on his death-bed was annoyed to think of the trouble he had started, and got the Devil to promise that, when a combined band of all his fiddles played a certain air, the Curse should be removed. Why the Old Gentleman agreed to this arrangement my informant couldn't guess, unless he did it to soothe

his friend's last moments, no doubt feeling pretty certain that the combined band would never play till he'd got a lot of fun out of the Curse.

"It sounded like a cock-and-bull tale, but the Italian nobleman seemed so certain about it, and was so much hurt when I doubted him, that I sort of began to believe in it myself. As luck had it, I had discovered a roll of manuscript music up the shop chimney, of which I had taken no pertic'ler account, but which now assumed considerable importance. As I had no piano handy in those days, I had been playing to my fiddle on a concertina, and it rather seemed to take to the instrument; so the very next time it wanted me to accompany it, I started to work through that bunch of tunes on the same article. Now, whether it was the concertina it suddenly took a dislike to, or whether the tunes didn't agree with it, I don't pretend to say, but it turned sulky and wouldn't take a hand in noway, that is until I came to one pertic'ler air. It was a weird affair—a sort of mixture of the 'Dead March in Saul' and 'Hail, Columbia!' It



"I DISCOVERED A ROLL OF MANUSCRIPT MUSIC BY THE SHOT CHIMNEY."

struck in from the first note in a nasty ragging way, and if ever a fiddle played unwillingly that one did. It lagged behind and put in commas and full-stops where they were not wanted, and in every other bar it screeched out a note of exclamation that wasn't down in my part. But I took it out of that Cavalanci, gentlemen, and made it sit up, for when I'd run through the ditty I started it all over again, and that instrument followed me like a whipped cur. And then another remarkable thing happened. It changed colour—from yellow to orange and then to a dirty brown. I guess I'd touched it up at last; and when I saw this I closed the concert and gave that Italian nobleman an order for macaroni that surprised him.

"Although it regained its old colour, I was firmly convinced from the behaviour of my violin that the nobleman was right, and that if I could get the whole extant Cavalanci together the Curse could be broken; and the last few months I have spent in tracing Bloomstein, the Baboo, and our friend James Dawson, and in making arrangements for this happy meeting. I thought it better to keep the notion from you, James, until now, for fear of incredulity on your part. And now, Colonel," turning to me, "you must assume possession of that Baboo's fiddle. It won't take ten minutes to break that air Curse."

"But if it doesn't break?" I urged.

"It will break," said Simpson K. Masters.

"Saunders," said Dawson, who had worked himself up into a state of great excitement, "I implore you to help us destroy this Curse. You owe it to me to do so, for it's all through you I got into the trouble at all."

"I'm awfully sorry, Dawson," I replied, "but I cannot. I was very strictly brought up, and my family would not like me to mix myself up in anything of this nature. You must respect my scruples."

"And you must respect this, sir," said the Yankee, holding his revolver at an extremely unpleasant angle.

There was no help for it. "All right," I said, "I'll do it for my old friend Dawson's sake. Nothing else would have induced me. But I can't play any instrument," I added, triumphantly.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the German.

"Why, I have heard you play 'Haydn's Surprise,'" said Dawson.

"Only on one finger," I modestly urged.

"Try it, sir, with your toes if you like," said the Yankee. "And I shall be surprised if that fiddle don't respond. A Cavalanci ain't pertic'lar when it wants an owner."

I sat down at the piano and played what I knew of the air. A shadow of despair came over Dawson's face, and the German put his fingers in his ears, but Simpson K. Masters encouraged me to persevere.

"Keep it up, Colonel," said he. "Put the pedal on, it'll help you round the corners."

Before I had played a dozen notes a sound came from the table.

"Hurrah!" cried Dawson.

"The Baboo's fiddle has bit," said Simpson K. Masters.

Sure enough the violin had joined in, and I turned cold at the thought that I was now the owner of a Cavalanci violin.

I played all I knew of the air and then stopped. The violin ceased as well.

"It would not let you off so easily in a week or two, Colonel," said the Yankee, grimly. "Now, gentlemen, here we are—the four extant Cavalanci and the four owners. All we have to do is to run through Cavalanci's Antidote and our troubles are over."

With eager impatience Dawson sat down at the piano, the German produced a flageolet, and Masters a flute.

"What am I to play?" said I, in dismay.  
 "You mustn't leave me out."

"Haven't you got anything, James?" said the Yankee. "A drum would do."

"I've nothing that I know of," replied Dawson.

"Then we must send out for something."

"I have it," said Dawson. "I bought a triangle some years ago, and ought to have it still."

"A driangle—goot!" said Mr. Bloomstein, and Masters nodded his satisfaction.

After some little delay the triangle was found, and when I had received a few instructions on the manipulation of this simple instrument Dawson sat down, and the quartet—or rather octet—commenced.

I don't think it was a success from a musical point of view, for we were all excited. Even the flute was off-colour. Still, we hung together pretty well, and stuck to the notes as well as we could. I tapped my triangle with considerable effect.

The four Cavalanci joined in from the first note. It was a weird and mournful composition, and the violins kept up the pathos of the thing with remarkable effect. It was like the prolonged wail of a soul in torment, with sudden outbursts of Satanic joviality. Our feelings were strung to the highest pitch, for we were playing for our lives. The sweat rolled off Bloomstein's face, and Dawson's hands trembled like aspen leaves. Simpson K. Masters tried to appear unconcerned—and failed.

The others were intent on the notes, but as I played from ear I was able to observe the fiddles. I could feel my heart thump-

ing as I watched them. Would the "Antidote" act, or was it all a delusion of the Yankee's? Was I not saddled for life with a fearful monstrosity which would finally undermine my reason?

Ha! it was touching them. Masters was right. They were changing colour! They were a rich yellow when we started, but with every bar their hue deepened through varying shades of orange, brown, walnut, darker, darker still, till at last four coal-black violins lay upon the table. As the final bars came their notes shrieked out as if in terrible protest, and as the last chord was struck sixteen strings snapped with one crack.

"Gentlemen," said the Yankee, "I guess Signor Cavalanci's Curse is off."



"SIGNOR CAVALANCI'S CURSE IS OFF."

# The Site of the Garden of Eden.

BY GENERAL GORDON.

[The following article was written, and illustrated with maps, by General Gordon, in 1882, in the form of a letter to a friend, a missionary, and now sees the light for the first time. It is of unique interest, not only on account of the valour of the writer, but also because of the fact that he was probably the most competent person in the world to deal with this fascinating subject, owing to the extent of his researches as an archaeologist in the Orient, combined with the deep religious feeling which was the keystone of all his actions.]



THE following are the reasons for the theory that the Garden of Eden is at or near Seychelles. I could even put it at Praslin, a small isle twenty miles north of Mahé.

Allow that Genesis is not allegorical, that Eden, its garden, its two trees, did exist on this earth. Eden is a district, the garden is a spot chosen in that district, the trees were actual trees, imbued for a time with spiritual qualities; these trees, the bush, the ark, the tabernacle, and temple differed nothing from the same things in the world except for the time during which they were spiritually consecrated or set apart for manifestations of God, or Satan. God's consecration made things which were equally clean, clean and unclean; therefore, I see no reason for doubting that God did set apart the two trees to be one of Life, the other of Knowledge; or that God, when these two trees had fulfilled their purpose, should have relegated them back to their former ordinary tree position. We see this in the way the temple is no more than another building; in the way the Philistines and Titus and Nebuchadnezzar carried off the holy things of God which, at one time, it was death to touch. I therefore maintain that there is no reason to doubt but that two trees of the earth were used as mystical or sacramental trees in Eden's garden, or that they were destroyed when they had fulfilled their mission; they were, I think, relegated back to their position as trees.

Allowing this, what was the temptation of man? Here is his soliloquy. "It must be good to eat; it looks nice. I wonder what would be the effect of eating it, just a little bit." In this, we must put ourselves in man's position. He then could have no other temptation but this: he could only be tempted by his belly's appetite; he could desire no carriages, dress, or jewels; he had no one to be spiteful to, to be jealous of, to hate; he could be greedy and he could be curious; he was as a child, curious and greedy, so that the temptation was necessarily, I think, that which it was. We ever have many doors open to temptation, for the increase of man increases the doors by which we can be tempted. The temptation was, in

its result, distrust of God, a feeling that God withheld something from man. In man is implanted by nature the spirit of inquiry. We all know this: tell a child not to open a certain book, he immediately has an immense longing to open that book, which he would not have noticed if he had not been forbidden to touch it. You can test it yourself: leave a dozen lozenges on your table, tell a child not to eat them, let the child see them constantly, tell him only once, and add to your telling that, if he eats, something unknown to him will happen. Keep treating the child kindly, so that he will not fear you: some day you will find eleven lozenges—at least, I think so. Therefore I think the forbidding of the tree was even, to our own reason, a fair test to man, and that the very fact of this distrust and forgetfulness of God was virtually a communion with Satan, a sacrament with Satan: a mystical eating, though material, which led to Satan communicating or inoculating man with evil, poisoning, tainting him.

Now, with respect to the other tree, the Tree of Life, there is no reason to doubt but that man often had ate of it; before his banquet on the forbidden tree, man had communed with God, when he named the animals, etc., and there is every probability he did eat of the Tree of Life. I do not go into detail on this, for you know the Scriptures and you know what is written of the Bread of Life, the fruit of the Tree of Life, etc., which, eventually, in the last chapter of Revelation, appears again alone, not with the Tree of Knowledge; therefore, I think man often partook of the Tree of Life in the garden. When he had eaten of the Tree of Knowledge, he was prevented from so doing, for he had acquired a taint from thus eating, which, if he had after eaten of the Tree of Life, would have given him immortality; in his degraded state, he would have mixed God with Satan in their attributes, which cannot be: God will not serve with Satan. I do not go into all this, for I have not time, but I believe that the Tree of Life, spiritually, exists, also the Tree of Knowledge; that we eat sometimes of one, some often of the other; that the fiery cherubim is the law which guards the Tree of Life, and it is only through the broken body, the veil of Christ,



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FACSIMILE OF THE OPENING SENTENCES OF THE 3A.

we can approach to eat the fruit of the Tree of Life, which is Christ.

I am now relating to you how these thoughts first struck me, and in the order in which they did.

Well, I thought there were two trees—actual trees—which had been sacramental, and had ceased to be so; and in Praslin near Seychelles, and only there in the whole world, is a magnificent tree, curious beyond description, called the Prince of the Vegetable Kingdom; it is unique in its species, and on earth. The Laodicean Seychellarum, or Coco di Mir. This, I believe, was the Tree of Knowledge. I then thought if the one tree is to be found, so is the other, and this I think is the *Artocarpus incisa*, or bread-fruit; it is a humble tree, of no great distinction, yet to an observer it is as unique in its kind and among trees as the other. This last tree is only found in the Indian Ocean. It is a life-sustaining tree, and, like the other, it is full of Scriptural types.

Having thought that these were the two trees, then the question arose: where was the Garden of Eden? And first came the information that Seychelles is of granite, and all other isles out here are volcanic, granite being the more ancient formation. Then Rev. D. Bury mentioned casually that the verse Genesis ii., 10., could be read that the four rivers flowed into Eden, not out of it. I have been at the sources of Euphrates, Tigris, etc., etc., and unless the rivers were forced to flow backwards, no spot could agree to a central basin in those lands, while a flood does not change features of 10,000ft. high. So I took the rivers *Euphrates*—as Euphrates, on which is Babylon; *Hiddekel*—as Tigris, on which is Nineveh (*vide* Daniel). They meet and flow into the Persian Gulf.

Babylon oppressed Israel—Nineveh oppressed Israel. Required two other rivers connected with oppression of Israel.

The question of whether ever a river came down the Valley of Jordan into the Red Sea is one which has been much discussed. That an immense crevasse exists from the source of the Jordan to the Red Sea is the case; the depression of the Dead Sea is the difficulty; the ravines of Kedron and Gihon are very deep.

Taking my ground spiritually, and the similarity of the name Gihon with the brook of Jerusalem, I think that they are the same.

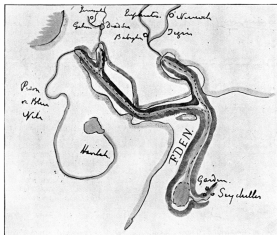
The Pison, or Nile, flowed into the Red Sea, the Gihon or Gihon Brook flowed into the Red Sea, joined, flowed down, met the Euphrates and Tigris, united near Socotra,

and the soundings shown end in a deep basin 2,600 fathoms deep, which is close to Seychelles. *Cush* is written *in margin* for Ethiopia. *Cush* was son of Nimrod\*; his land was probably near Babylon, now Bab el Mandeh. *Perim* means *Bab (gate) el (of) Mandeh* (the world).

*Pison* means overflowing—the Nile overflows. Egypt oppressed Israel. The Nile is believed now to flow into the Red Sea; the Blue Nile encompasses Godjam, a province of Abyssinia, in which there is gold. Havilah, son of Joktan, son of Shem, went with Sheba and Ophir to Mesha (Sale's Koran says)

This is about the substance of everything about Eden—its garden and its trees; quite useless unless it tended to illustrate a great truth. The first word God utters to man is "*Thou shalt not eat*"; the last injunction Christ gives is "*Take, eat.*" To the world at large the history of the Fall is foolishness: such effects could never come from so small a cause as eating of a tree. So the large proportion of professing Christians, they believe the first, but put aside the second, eating, as impossible to produce any such effects.

What was the forbidden fruit? It was fruit of the ground. What is the bidden fruit?



THE SITE OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN: A FACSIMILE OF GORDON'S MAP.

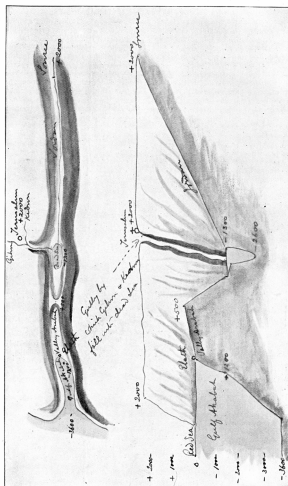
and spread along the Red Sea. The Sea of Zugla, opposite Aden, is called Sirius Havilah Sheba, and Ophir is generally connected with Abyssinia, so I think *Pison* is *Nile*.

*Gihon* means "bursting forth"; the brook Gihon is southern side of Jerusalem; it meets Kedron and flows, when it does flow, to the Salt Sea (Dead Sea), by the Valley of Fire; it is Tophet, Hinnom, the Valley of Slaughter, the sewer of Jerusalem, the site of all abominable sacrifices; it is connected with Jerusalem in an evil way; it has the same name as Genesis. Now comes a difficulty. †

\* This appears to be an oversight. See Genesis x. 1: "And Cush begat Nimrod."

† Here follow the maps reproduced on the opposite page.

It is fruit of corn and juice of grape. Both nothing—yet one caused great things. May not the other cause greater? The sequence of the one eating was not known; the sequence of the other may not be known in its fulness. Yet it may be believed to be far, infinitely far greater. A child and the highest angel can understand that by eating a poison one is ill, by eating an antidote one is cured. Yet the highest angel could not understand the depths of either eating. Are we, therefore, to wait for that understanding? We ate in Adam *in distrust*, let us eat *in trust*. Let even curiosity lead us to do so. We are bidden. Why not try it?



## Baron Brampton of Brampton.

By "E."

**P**ERHAPS no living lawyer filled the public eye in a more complete manner than Sir Henry Hawkins, to call him for the moment by the long-familiar title. Famous as an advocate, celebrated as a judge, distinguished alike by catholicity of tastes, vast experience of life, and knowledge of the principles and details of law, it might not unreasonably be thought that of all men he has the most frequently fallen a prey to the pen of the interviewer. But such is not the case; for, though interviewers of all sorts and conditions have endeavoured to secure his attention, he has invariably turned a deaf ear to the journalistic charmer, and refused to assist in the publication of his interesting record. If he would write it, or allow it to be written, what a history it would be of nearly sixty years of intellectual life!

When discussing this subject one day, Lord Brampton told me that he had preserved no reports, kept no diary, and was entirely dependent on his memory for the facts of a successful career.

"I have often been asked to write my memoirs," he said; "but, apart from the trouble of doing so, I do not like the idea. You see, if I said anything good of myself, my unkind critics would write me down vain, and—well, I am certainly not going to point out my defects to an over-discriminating public."

Lord Brampton was born on the 14th of September, 1817, at Hitchin, in the County of Hertford. His father was a much respected and esteemed family solicitor, and his son was at one time destined to follow him in that honourable profession. How-

ever, this was not to be, for the future judge aspired to a greater fame than was attainable by the practice of the law in a small country town, and determined to try his fortune in the more uncertain branch of the legal profession—the Bar.

Accordingly, as soon as he could do so, he turned towards London, and entered as a student at the Middle Temple. During his student days he studied unremittingly, in grim and serious earnest, catching but few glimpses of pleasure, and striving unceasingly

to prepare himself for the desperate battle which success at the Bar entails. In 1841 he went into the chambers of a special pleader, and after his term had expired as a pupil, he set up for himself, and did a good practice "under the Bar."

In a year or two he was tired of the solitude of a pleader's chambers, and while acknowledging his great indebtedness to the system of pleading then in vogue, as a never-to-be-surpassed teacher of law, he entered the wider field of advocacy, and in May, 1843, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple.

Every man worth his salt has enemies, and unscrupulous

they oftentimes are; but it is certain that not even the most venomous of personal foes would deny that the cup of success was well filled for Lord Brampton during the thirty-three years when, either as Junior or Queen's Counsel, he was a prominent figure at the Bar.

No success chronicled in the pages of history was ever more honestly won, no success was ever more complete; it was founded on a basis of combined ability and determination, and, therefore, stood on the soundest of all foundations.

And here let me correct a very erroneous



BARON BRAMPTON OF BRAMPTON—PRESENT DAY.  
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

impression which, although never prevalent, has been voiced by many whom ignorance or envy has led astray. It is absolutely untrue that Lord Brampton received any assistance from his relations: his father gave him no work, for the simple reason he had none to give; he could, it is true, introduce his son to his friends in the county, but any professional assistance was out of his power. And thus it may be truly said that Lord Brampton owes the whole of his successful career, both socially and professionally, to his own unaided efforts.

The work of his early life was severe, and on one occasion Lord Brampton, when speaking of his entering the profession, used words that will awake a responsive echo in many a junior's heart: "If I had known what was before me, what the awful uncertainty of success at the Bar really was, I don't think I should ever have dared to face it, and I certainly would advise no young man to embark in it without ample means at his back to support the possibility of failure."

The work was indeed severe, but his career was unprecedentedly successful. As a junior, he was engaged in many great trials. At the Old Bailey, in 1853, when Strahan, Paul, and Bates, the bankers, were tried for embezzling securities belonging to their customers, before Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Willes, Lord Brampton appeared with Serjeant Byles for Sir John Dean Paul.

Despite his efforts, his client, with the other prisoners, was

convicted and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

Before this, in 1847, he had defended a man named Pollard, who was charged with defrauding Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French, and had the duty cast upon him of cross-examining at Bow Street the future Sovereign, who, it has been stated by Lord Brampton, gave his evidence clearly and well. In 1858 he successfully defended, with Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., Serjeant Simon, and others, Simon Bernard, who was charged with being an accessory to Orsini's conspiracy against the life of Napoleon III., and he figured in many other great cases. But it was when he "took silk" that he startled the whole professional world by developing a practice which has never been excelled, and rarely equalled.

Among some of the great cases he was engaged in as a Q.C. was the case of Saurin

vs. Starr, known as the Convent case; the Lord St. Leonard's will case; the Gladstone and the Van Reable divorce suits; the Westminster Election Petition, in which he defended Mr. W. H. Smith's seat; the Roupell case and the Tichborne case; and the charge against Colonel Valentine Baker, whom he defended at Croydon Assizes in 1875; all of which are landmarks in the history of the law, and stages in the progress of a great advocate.

Lord Brampton was created a Queen's Counsel in 1858. For a very long time he had what is technically termed "led in stuff," that is, he did a large "leading" business as a



From a Photo. by LORD BRAMPTON—PRESENT DAY. [Edw. & Pp.]

junior. The reason for this was that it had been intimated to the Bar that no more "silks" would be made for some time; for in those days, unlike the present, a silk gown was deemed to be a proof of exceptional position at the Bar, and was much more difficult to obtain than at the present day.

The number was consequently very limited. This pressed very hardly on Lord Brampton, for he practically was forced to do a Q.C.'s business for stuff gownsmen's fees. However, directly Sir Frederick Thesiger became Lord Chelmsford and Lord Chancellor, one of his first official acts was to recommend for "silk" the counsel who had long merited it.

Sixty years have gone since Lord Brampton attended for the first time a criminal trial. He had not then been "called," and the case was a very terrible one. The place was Hertford, the occasion the Assizes, and the prisoners two boys named Roche and Fletcher, who were indicted before Mr. Justice Vaughan for wilful murder.

The reported facts of the case were that the prisoners and some other boys—one of whom was named Taylor—had attacked and robbed an old man, whom they finally left, exhausted but not fatally injured, in the road. When they had proceeded some little way, Taylor, without mentioning his intention to his companions, returned to the place of the robbery and gave the old man a fatal kick. Roche and Fletcher had apparently nothing more to do with the murder; but, in the result, they were convicted, sentenced to death, and ultimately hanged. The scene in court was so painful as to make an ineffaceable impression on one at least of the bystanders. When the verdict of the jury was given, the prisoners fell helplessly over the front of the dock, and had to be carried to their cells. The man who had really been the cause of the old man's death

escaped for a time, and enlisted in a line regiment. The police, however, intercepted a letter from him to his relatives, opened it, and found his address. He was speedily arrested, was tried at the Hertford Assizes, and was also hanged.

Lord Brampton began his legal life in the days when Sir F. Pollock and Sir W. Follett, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Adolphus, and others, were practising barristers. Those, too, were the days of Charles Phillips, Clarkson, Bodkin, Payne, and others of a bygone generation, whose names will readily suggest themselves to the lawyer on criminal trials at the Old Bailey. They used to sit then from 9 a.m. till 9 p.m.; there were two dinners, one at three o'clock, the other at five, at which judges, barristers, and friends of the Lord Mayor and officials used to dine. Those days and their customs have gone—and so much the better.



LORD BRAMPTON—PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photo. by Maull & Poir.

Lord Brampton was never a mere criminal lawyer, though he certainly defended many prisoners both in London and on the Home Circuit, but he never attached himself in any way to the Criminal Courts.

He is fond of telling the story of a trial which took place on his first visit to the Old Bailey, and which may be summarized as follows: Montague Chambers was defending a man for murder and robbery. I do not know the name of the prisoner, but the crime was committed in Pocock Fields, Islington. The evidence was strong, but somehow or other Chambers succeeded in getting him off, and after the trial the man left the court with his friends, who had arranged to send him out of the country. Unfortunately for him, that same evening he went into a public-house, and under the influence of drink, not only confessed, but even stated that he had thrown the piece of wood he had used in committing the crime into a pond, which he specified. One of the bystanders noted what he said and then

communicated with the police, who went to the pond and there discovered the piece of wood. The result was that the man was arrested on board the ship that was to have taken him to Australia, and being tried for robbery, he was sentenced to be transported for life.

I may add, for the benefit of the ordinary reader, that, having once been acquitted of murder, the miscreant could not be tried again for that offence, but as on that trial he could not have been found guilty of the robbery he had committed, he had never been in peril of conviction for that crime, and so was properly tried and sentenced.

The much-debated question whether, if a prisoner has confessed his guilt to his counsel, that counsel should afterwards defend him, came prominently to the front in court in the trial of Courvoisier.

The facts of that notorious case are, shortly, as follows : Courvoisier was the valet of Lord William Russell, who, on May the 6th, 1840, was found murdered at his house in Park Lane. As the result of investigation, Courvoisier was apprehended, and on June 18th he was tried for the murder at the Old Bailey before three judges, of whom the late Mr. Baron Parke was one. Charles Phillips, a very celebrated advocate, defended, and the first two days of the trial were on the whole not hopeless to the prisoner. But before the third day arrived, it was discovered that certain plate which had disappeared from Lord William's house had been deposited at a house in or near Leicester Square soon after the murder by Courvoisier. On this discovery being made known to the prisoner, he had an interview with his counsel and practically confessed his guilt. Phillips then went to Mr. Baron Parke and asked what he should do, and that learned judge told him to continue the defence. This Phillips did, and in his speech to the jury he made use of certain expressions which were thought by some to convey a positive falsehood. For this he was greatly blamed, not only in the Press, but by a large section of the Bar.

I once heard Lord Brampton speak of this, and he emphatically and without any reservation took the side of Phillips, and his

views on the matter are identical with those that are now expressed.

"In the first place, Phillips had been charged with telling a lie: this was a most unfair and stupid accusation. It is true that, having reason to believe that Courvoisier had killed Lord William Russell, he said, 'The Almighty God above alone knows who did this deed of darkness,' but that didn't mean that neither the prisoner nor his counsel knew. Phillips was an advocate, and was fully entitled to insist on preserving his character as such. He had a right to refuse to regard the case outside of the evidence given. It is also said that, knowing what he did, he tried to fix the crime on a servant girl, who was clearly innocent. He did no such thing; what he did say was, 'If this fact'—alluding to one of the incidents of the trial—'is relied on by the prosecution

it might equally well be relied on against the girl, who did the same thing, and might equally well be advanced to prove she committed the murder'; but Phillips never suggested guilt in her."

Some time after, when speaking of that case to Lord Brampton, I trespassed on his forbearance and asked him: "Assuming that a prisoner confesses his guilt to his advocate, I gather that it is in your opinion the duty of counsel to go on with the defence?"

"Most certainly; the prisoner makes a state-

ment to his counsel for the purpose of his defence, and not to manufacture a witness against himself. It is an advocate's duty to confine himself to the task of pointing out to a jury that the evidence before the Court is not sufficient to warrant a conviction. He has no business to go beyond it. An advocate should not lie, and should not impute a crime to an innocent person; but short of that he ought, as an advocate in dealing with the evidence, to do all in his power to bring about the liberation of his client. But he has no right to express his own opinion upon the guilt or innocence of his client. An advocate should free himself from his own individuality as a private citizen directly he assumes the character of an advocate."

Another story, which Lord Brampton tells with profound effect, is that of his first defence



LORD BRAMPTON AS A JUDGE, 1850.  
From a Photo. by Mead & Pugh.

in a murder case, which, in addition to being interesting, throws light on the subject I have just been discussing. Some time after he was "called," he was at Maidstone Assizes. He had been retained to defend three people who were accused of wilful murder. They were all of one family—a father, mother, and son—and their alleged victim was a poor servant girl, who had undoubtedly been killed for the sake of the very small sum of money she possessed. After dinner, on the day he arrived in the town, he was sitting in his lodgings just about to begin working at his brief, when the solicitor instructing him came in. He said:—

"Mr. Hawkins, I have a rather strange question to put to you, and one which I am not sure you will answer."

"What is it?" he replied.

"I have just seen the female prisoner: she wishes me to ask you whether, in the event of her pleading guilty to the murder, you will be able to save her husband and her son. She is perfectly willing to admit the whole charge, and take the full responsibility for her crime. She will say that she, and she alone, did the murder, if you think she will, by so doing, save her husband and son."

Lord Brampton replied that he hadn't read his brief, and couldn't say. "Is it a bad case?" he asked.

"A terribly bad case; it could not be worse!" was the answer, which clearly showed him that the woman's plea of "guilty" would be a true plea, and the men's pleas of "not guilty" untrue.

"Have you told her that if she does plead guilty she will be hanged?"

"Yes, she knows that. She is prepared to take the consequences if she can free her husband and her son."

Lord Brampton promised to read the brief and tell him in the morning his opinion of his clients' position. After reading the brief he came to the conclusion that they were all three guilty or all innocent. In the result they all pleaded "not

guilty," and he defended them successfully on the evidence.

When the series of lawsuits which culminated in the trial at Bar of the Claimant to the Tichborne Estates was first launched, Lord Brampton was a Queen's Counsel in possession of a practice which in retainers alone amounted to hundreds a year.

The magnitude of such a practice can only be properly appreciated by those who were acquainted with it, and it must suffice to say that very few of our most heavily-fed counsel have ever come within measurable distance of it. At the time when Arthur Orton first startled the country by preferring a claim to estates bringing in over twenty thousand a year, Lord Brampton found himself in the happy position of being retained both for the Claimant and for the trustees of one of the estates. It was obvious that he could not act for both parties, so he arranged to appear for the defendants. Want of space prevents me from recalling even the salient points of that great case, or of Lord Brampton's part in it, but it is generally admitted in legal circles that his conduct throughout the Tichborne litigation was of pre-eminent excellence.

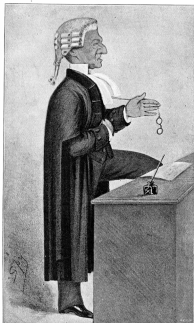
On the 2nd of November, 1876, Lord Brampton was raised to the Bench. This appointment created some surprise, not because the new judge was not everywhere considered worthy of the honour, but for the very—in

these days—singular reason that, having already refused a judgeship, it was thought that he did not desire promotion. However, Time can do a great deal, and Time, in this connection, reconciled Lord Brampton to the surrender of the great position he held among English advocates. He accordingly exchanged the successful, troublesome labours of the Bar for the dignified leisure of a judge's career. At the end of this article, my views of my subject as a judge will be found shortly expressed, and now I am concerned with history. But, still, let me once and for all



LORD BRAMPTON, 1864.  
From a Photo. by Hans & Pollock.





LORD BRAMPTON AS DEPICTED BY "VANITY FAIR" DURING THE  
TICHBORNE TRIAL, 1871.  
By special permission of the Proprietors of "Vanity Fair."

say this: that to identify severity with Lord Brampton is to attempt to range under a common classification things that are essentially different.

Those who have experience of Law Courts will know that Lord Brampton was ever on the side of the weak, and, to my mind, took an even exaggerated view of the dignity of humanity.

It is well known that he is entirely opposed either to birching or flogging. He holds and has publicly stated that such a punishment "brutalizes the person who suffers it, and tends to brutalize the person inflicting it; that it is cruel and barbarous, and only tends to excite a spirit of dogged revenge in the culprit." He does not believe that flogging put down garroting, and has often condemned the system of giving a man a

short sentence and a flogging as radically bad. The man suffers his punishment—he argues—and by the time he has served his term, has forgotten all about it. "The fear of such another punishment again is, experience tells us, insufficient to be really deterrent; so the result is that you turn a man into a devil, and have not one atom of good to show for the sacrifice."

Only once has he sentenced a person to be flogged, and then it was a very brutal case, which was tried *many years* ago at Leeds. The prisoner got his victim down, and deliberately ground his iron-heeled boot into his eye. It was an exceptionally bad case, but even then the punishment was indefensible in principle. He objected to ordering children to be birched, for the idea of sending a poor little fellow to be flogged by a prison warder in a prison yard was repulsive to him; and, besides, he deemed the punishment both cruel and useless. He was of opinion that a birching not only degrades the child, but it, so to speak, stereotypes the fault in his nature, leaving a painful memory to the end of his life. The criminal population owe a great deal to Lord Brampton, for he was the foremost in insisting on the speedy trial of prisoners, and the propriety of allowing bail in all but the most serious cases. In many other respects, too, he advocated the more enlightened and merciful treatment of prisoners.

He defends the ticket-of-leave system as one which, while assisting in the preservation of prison discipline by encouraging good conduct, renders the convict's life less hopeless and less dreary; but he condemns the system of "police supervision," whose evils he has too often seen evidenced.

A man when he leaves prison should be able to begin life afresh, and it would have been bad for a policeman proved guilty of interfering with a ticket-of-leave man who was doing his best to gain an honest livelihood, had Lord Brampton been called upon to speak his mind.

It is well known that he does not disapprove of the capital sentence, which he would limit to cases of murder other than infanticide and "constructive murder" by a mother. This view seems imperative, for

if death were not the punishment for murder, every burglar would carry his revolver and argue: "If I kill my victim I may escape; if I don't, five or ten years more may be my fate—it is worth trying." The criminal classes don't joke with their necks, but they will always risk a given term of penal servitude. "There is no doubt," he said to me when speaking on this subject, "that the capital sentence is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the community."

In meting out punishment, Lord Brampton took all the circumstances of the case into consideration, and never punished a mere momentary lapse into crime with severity, unless attended with deliberate cruelty. He believes that the proper end of punishment is to *deter*, and not merely to inflict pain. He approves of long terms for habitual offenders convicted of serious crimes, but not for the man or woman who has through some great temptation or weakness momentarily lapsed.

Among the chief criminal cases over which he has presided was the Penge mystery. This case was tried at the Old Bailey in 1877, and ended in the four prisoners being sentenced to death. It is common knowledge that the whole batch was subsequently reprieved, and Lord Brampton's opinion as to the propriety of the intervention of the Home Secretary is also well known.

At the Old Bailey, in 1879, a woman named Hannah Dobbs was tried for murder before Lord Brampton—strange to say, at the same time that Kate Webster was being tried in an adjoining court for a similar crime by Mr. Justice Denman. The facts, shortly, are as follows: A Miss Hacker lodged in Euston Square with a certain married couple. She was an eccentric old lady, and always kept a large sum of money in a cash-box in her bedroom. Hannah Dobbs was a servant in the house. One Sunday, Dobbs told her master and

mistress that Miss Hacker had left the house. Four days afterwards, her master and mistress went up to Miss Hacker's room, found it empty, and on the carpet a stain of blood, which had been partially washed out. A few days afterwards, Dobbs was seen with a book of dreams, which had belonged to Miss Hacker; she gave the lid of Miss Hacker's cash-box to a child for a plaything, and was noticed to be wearing a watch and chain she had not worn before—and which were proved to have been Miss Hacker's. In her box, also, were found several articles which were identified as having belonged to Miss Hacker. Seven or eight months after-

wards, the body of Miss Hacker was found in the cellar, and Dobbs was put on her trial for murder. The circumstantial evidence against her was very strong, but the defence was that another person—a suggested lover—had killed the woman, and had given the things to Dobbs. This line was successful and Dobbs was acquitted. The other person was soon afterwards put upon his trial for perjury arising out of this case, and was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour by Lord Brampton. Hannah Dobbs owed a great deal to Lord Brampton, who always took the view that, although the evidence against a prisoner may be strong,

the punishment of death is such a terrible and irrevocable one, that it ought only to be pronounced on the very clearest evidence. The evidence in this case was not such as to exclude a reasonable doubt, and so Mr. Mead (the present police magistrate) succeeded in getting his client off.

Referring for a moment to the trial of the Muswell Hill burglars, it is reported that when someone asked Lord Brampton, "Was there not a doubt as to the complicity of Milsom in the murder?" he replied, "Not the very slightest; what made you think so?" "The reports in the newspapers seemed just compatible with the theory of the defence."



Lord Brampton at the time of the Tichborne Trial, 1873. (Mead & Fox.)

"Yes," said Lord Brampton, in a convincingly humorous tone; "but I try a case on the evidence given in court; and on that evidence no reasonable person could doubt that Milsom was quite as guilty as Fowler."

Lamson, whose guilt was never in doubt, was another criminal tried by Lord Brampton; and the thief and murderer Charles Peace was also brought before him at the Old Bailey, in 1878. He was charged with shooting at a constable with intent to murder him, and on being convicted he made a long, passionate, tearful appeal for mercy, the while he literally "grovelled" before the judge. Mr. Montagu Williams's account of this incident is well worthy of reproduction:—

"This harangue seemed to have an effect upon everybody in court except the man to whom it was addressed. It was a great treat to watch the face of Mr. Justice Hawkins during the speech. When it was over, his Lordship, without any sort of comment, promptly sentenced the delinquent to penal servitude for life"; and thus, I may add, dealt with him as he deserved.

Another important murder trial over which Lord Brampton presided was that of the poisoner, Neill Cream, a few years ago.

It is frequently a subject of debate in legal circles as to whether and how far evidence bearing only on motive, state of mind, previous or subsequent conduct as tending to prove system or guilt in the particular case, can be given by the Crown on the trial of a prisoner. It is too technical a question to discuss here, but in Cream's case Lord Brampton admitted evidence of subsequent administration of poison by the prisoner to persons other than the woman for whose murder he was then standing his trial. There is no doubt that this was a correct ruling; and in order to illustrate the necessity of having occasionally to try other issues than the main issue, in order to establish the latter, the following account may be given. Somewhere about 1880, a farmer living in Essex was awakened one night by a noise in his courtyard. He opened the window, and put out his head to see who or what it was. As he did so, a man outside discharged a gun full in his face and killed him on the spot. The murderer then broke and entered the house and stole some valuables. He then disappeared, leaving no apparent clue. The next day a chisel which had been used for the purpose of effecting an entrance was found in the farmhouse. Some time after, a discharged gun was found

in a copse near the house. Inquiries were set on foot, and it was found that the gun had been stolen some weeks previously from another house in the neighbourhood, and, strange to say, it was also ascertained that the thief had in that case also left behind him a *chisel*, similar to the one found in the farmhouse. The police then set to work to find out where the chisels came from, and they found that they had been stolen from a blacksmith's forge in a village near the farmhouse. As the result of further inquiries, a man was arrested, and was tried before Lord Brampton at Chelmsford, for wilful murder. The main issue, of course, was: "Did the prisoner kill and murder the farmer?" The subordinate issues were: "Did the prisoner steal the gun? Did he steal the chisels?" If he did, it was almost of itself conclusive of his guilt. The jury found that he did steal the gun, that he did steal the chisels, and further that he did shoot at and murder the farmer. The result was that the prisoner was convicted, sentenced to death, and executed, after a trial which was described by the judge as "highly satisfactory."

Counsel frequently complain that—to speak plainly—judges take sides, and they argue that a judge's duty is merely to preside and take notes, and dispassionately sum up the facts. This view I have myself on occasions countenanced. Now, one of our strongest judges was Lord Brampton; and as his power of marshalling facts was very great, he has frequently been the subject of discussion. Without entering into an analytical disquisition on the point, one thing is certain, and that is that he always took the greatest care to study the proof and effect of every alleged fact before he dealt with any case, be it civil or criminal. But when he dealt with it he did so with an earnest desire to arrive at the truth. He interfered with counsel as little as possible, but was, of course, bound to prevent them leading the jury off on a side issue, the while they might well hesitate to approach the main question. After all, a judge is a judge, and should remember that he sits not to perform the mechanical duties of an automaton, but to see, to the best of his ability, that justice is done.

Lord Brampton's love of animals is well known, and no article, even written from a strict professional standpoint—such as this is—would be complete without a reference to his dog Jack, of whom Lord Brampton wrote: "I can say that a more intelligent, faithful, and affectionate creature never had existence, and to him I have been indebted



LORD BRAMPTON WHEN FIRST MADE A JUDGE, 1876.  
From a Photo. by Meill & Fox.

that he was retained to defend in nearly all the claims made by owners of the property on which the Royal Courts of Justice are built.

His power of dealing with every case before him was at the Bar unrivalled; and the imperturbable coolness, the thoroughness, the great personal individual force, the lucidity, the persuasiveness which he has ever brought to bear on his work, rendered him as deadly an opponent and as powerful a friend as could be found in a Court of Justice. In cross-examination, his powers may be described in the words of the late Chief Baron Kelly, which were spoken at a dinner, soon after Lord Brampton became a judge:—

"Of my friend Mr. Hawkins, I can only say this: that no man ever surpassed and few have equalled him as a cross-examiner; I place him on a level with Garrow and with Scarlett, whom no one has ever excelled," and

for very many of the happiest years of my life."

Poor Jack is now no more, but his master is faithful to his servant even in death. None supplies his place. He was given to Lord Brampton by his friend the late Lord Falmouth, and after thirteen years' close companionship, Lord Brampton felt his loss very deeply. The mutual affection existing between Jack and his master is not an unfaithful index to the character of Lord Brampton.

During Lord Brampton's career at the Bar his success was remarkable. In the words of Mr. Montagu Williams: "He was not only the greatest and most astute advocate of his time in ordinary civil cases, but he had the largest practice in compensation claims." And here, by the way, it may be mentioned

this re-echoes the opinion which those who knew Lord Brampton at the Bar universally hold.

As a judge, he had his critics, but not even the sourest would venture to assert that as a lawyer he was not excellent. That he held the scales of Justice evenly balanced between party and party, and Queen and citizen, is as well known as the most elementary axiom of arithmetic.

One who knew him well wrote of him as "the kindest man in the world where women, children, and animals are concerned," and that description is true. Whatever may be Lord Brampton's faults he stands confessed as an upright and fearless judge, and the owner of a name which as long as records last will always proudly shine forth from the pages devoted to the great ones of the Law.

## Hilda Wade.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

### I.—THE EPISODE OF THE PATIENT WHO DISAPPOINTED HER DOCTOR.



ILDA WADE'S gift was so unique, so extraordinary, that I must illustrate it, I think, before I attempt to describe it. But first let me say a word of explanation about the Master.

I have never met anyone who impressed me so much with a sense of *greatness* as Professor Sebastian. And this was not due to his scientific eminence alone: the man's strength and keenness struck me quite as forcibly as his vast attainments. When he first came to St. Nathaniel's Hospital, an eager, fiery-eyed physiologist, well past the prime of life, and began to preach with all the electric force of his vivid personality that the one thing on earth worth a young man's doing was to work in his laboratory, attend his lectures, study disease, and be a scientific doctor, dozens of us were infected by his contagious enthusiasm. He proclaimed the gospel of germs; and the germ of his own zeal flew abroad in the hospital: it ran through the wards as if it were typhoid fever. Within a few months, half the students were converted from lukewarm observers of medical routine into flaming apostles of the new methods.

The greatest authority in Europe on comparative anatomy, now that Huxley was taken from us, he had devoted his later days to the pursuit of medicine proper, to which he brought a mind stored with luminous analogies from the lower animals. His very appearance boded one. Tall, thin, erect, with an ascetic profile not unlike Cardinal Manning's, he represented that abstract form of asceticism which consists in absolute self-sacrifice to a mental ideal, not that which consists in religious abnegation. Three years of travel in Africa had tanned his skin for life. His long white hair, straight and silvery as it fell, just curled in one wave-like inward sweep where it turned and rested on the stooping shoulders.

His pale face was clean-shaven, save for a thin and wiry grizzled moustache, which cast into stronger relief the deep-set, hawk-like eyes and the acute, intense, intellectual features. In some respects, his countenance reminded me often of Dr. Marineau's: in others it recalled the knife-like edge, unturnable, of his great predecessor, Professor Owen. Wherever he went, men turned to stare at him. In Paris, they took him for the head of the English Socialists: in Russia, they declared he was a Nihilist emissary. And they were not far wrong—in essence: for Sebastian's stern, sharp face was above all things the face of a man absorbed and engrossed by one overpowering pursuit in life—the sacred thirst of knowledge, which had swallowed up his entire nature.



PROFESSOR SEBASTIAN.

He saw what he looked—the most single-minded person I have ever come across. And when I say single-minded, I mean just that and no more. He had an End to attain—the advancement of science, and he went straight towards the End, looking neither to the right nor to the left for anyone. An American millionaire once remarked to him of some ingenious appliance he was describing, "Why, if you were to perfect that apparatus, Professor, and take out a patent for it, I reckon you'd make as much money as I have made." Sebastian withered him with a glance. "I have no time to waste," he replied, "on making money."

So, when Hilda Wade told me, on the first day I met her, that she wished to become a nurse at Nathaniel's, "to be near Sebastian," I was not at all astonished. I took her at her word. Everybody who meant business in any branch of the medical art, however humble, desired to be close to our rare teacher—to drink in his large thought, to profit by his clear insight, his wide experience. The man of Nathaniel's was revolutionizing practice: and those who wished to feel themselves abreast of the

modern movement were naturally anxious to cast in their lot with him. I did not wonder, therefore, that Hilda Wade, who herself possessed in so large a measure the deepest feminine gift—intuition—should seek a place under the famous professor who represented the other side of the same endowment in its masculine embodiment—instinct of diagnosis.

Hilda Wade herself I will not formally introduce to you: you will learn to know her as I proceed with my story.

I was Sebastian's assistant, and my recommendation soon procured Hilda Wade the post she so strangely coveted. Before she had been long at Nathaniel's, however, it began to dawn upon me that her reasons for desiring to attend upon our revered Master were not wholly and solely scientific. Sebastian, it is true, recognised her value as a nurse from the first: he not only allowed that she was a good assistant, but he also admitted that her subtle knowledge of temperament sometimes enabled her closely to approach his own reasoned scientific analysis of a case and its probable development. "Most women," he said to me once, "are quick at reading the *passing emotion*: they can judge with astounding correctness from a shadow on one's face, a catch in one's breath, a movement of one's hands, how their words or deeds are affecting us. We cannot conceal our feelings from them. But underlying character they do not judge so well as fleeting expression. Not what Mrs. Jones *is* in herself, but what Mrs. Jones is now thinking and feeling—there lies their great success as psychologists. Most men, on the contrary, guide their life by definite *facts*—by signs, by symptoms, by observed data. Medicine itself is built upon a collection of such

reasoned facts. But this woman, Nurse Wade, to a certain extent, stands intermediate mentally between the two sexes. She recognises *temperament*—the fixed form of character and what it is likely to do—in a degree which I have never seen equalled elsewhere. To that extent, and within proper limits of supervision, I acknowledge her faculty as a valuable adjunct to a scientific practitioner."

Still, though Sebastian started with a pre-disposition in favour of Hilda Wade—a

pretty girl appeals to most of us—I could see from the beginning that Hilda Wade was by no means enthusiastic for Sebastian, like the rest of the hospital. "He is extraordinarily able," she would say, when I gushed to her about our Master: but that was the most I could ever extort from her in the way of praise. Though she admitted intellectually Sebastian's gigantic mind, she would never commit herself to anything that sounded like personal admiration. To call him "the prince of physiologists," did not satisfy me on that head. I wanted her to exclaim, "I adore him! I worship him! He is glorious, wonderful!"

I was also aware from an early date that, in an unobtrusive way, Hilda Wade was watching Sebastian. Watching him quietly, with those wistful, earnest eyes, as a cat watches a mouse-hole; watching him with mute inquiry, as if she expected each moment to see him do something

different from what the rest of us expected of him. Slowly I gathered that Hilda Wade, in the most literal sense, had come to Nathaniel's, as she herself expressed it, "to be near Sebastian." Gentle and lovable as she was in every other aspect, towards Sebastian she seemed like a lynx-eyed detective. She had some object in view, I thought, almost as abstract as his own—some



HILDA WADE.

object to which, as I judged, she was devoting her life quite as single-mindedly as Sebastian himself had devoted his to the advancement of science.

"Why did she become a nurse at all?" I asked once of her friend, Mrs. Mallet. "She has plenty of money, and seems well enough off to live without working."

"Oh, dear, yes," Mrs. Mallet answered. "She is independent, quite; has a tidy little income of her own—six or seven hundred a year—and she could choose her own society. But she went in for this mission *fad* early; she didn't intend to marry, she said, so she would like to have some work to do in life. Girls suffer like that, nowadays. In her case, the malady took the form of nursing."

"As a rule," I ventured to interpose, "when a pretty girl says she doesn't intend to marry, her remark is premature. It only means——"

"Oh, yes, I know. Every girl says it; 'tis a stock property in the popular masque of Maiden Modesty. But with Hilda it is different. And the difference is—that Hilda means it."

"You are right," I answered. "I believe she means it. Yet I know one man at least——" for I admired her immensely.

Mrs. Mallet shook her head and smiled. "It is no use, Dr. Cumberledge," she answered. "Hilda will never marry. Never, that is to say, till she has attained some mysterious object she seems to have in view, about which she never speaks to anyone—not even to me. But I have somehow guessed it."

"And it is?"

"Oh, I have not guessed what it is: I am no *Œdipus*: I have merely guessed that it exists. But whatever it may be, Hilda's life is bounded by it. She became a nurse to carry it out, I feel confident. From the very beginning, I gather, part of her scheme was to go to St. Nathaniel's. She was always bothering us to give her introductions to Dr. Sebastian; and when she met you at my brother Hugo's, it was a preconcerted arrangement; she asked to sit next you, and meant to induce you to use your influence on her behalf with the Professor. She was dying to get there."

"It is very odd," I mused. "But, there!—women are inexplicable!"

"And Hilda is in that matter the very quintessence of woman. Even I, who have known her for years, don't pretend to understand her."

A few months later Sebastian began his

great researches on his new anæsthetic. It was a wonderful set of researches. It promised so well. All Nat's (as we familiarly and affectionately style St. Nathaniel's) was in a fever of excitement over the drug for a twelvemonth.

The Professor obtained his first hint of the new body by a mere accident. His friend the Deputy Prosecutor of the Zoological Society had mixed a draught for a sick racoon at the Gardens, and, by some mistake in a bottle, had mixed it wrongly. (I purposely refrain from mentioning the ingredients, as they are drugs which can be easily obtained in isolation at any chemist's, though when compounded they form one of the most dangerous and difficult to detect of organic poisons. I do not desire to play into the hands of would-be criminals.) The compound on which the Deputy Prosecutor had thus accidentally lighted sent the racoon to sleep in the most extraordinary manner. Indeed, the racoon slept for thirty-six hours on end, all attempts to awake him by pulling his tail or tweaking his hair being quite unavailing. This was a novelty in narcotics: so Sebastian was asked to come and look at the slumbering brute. He suggested the attempt to perform an operation on the somnolent racoon by removing, under the influence of the drug, an internal growth, which was considered the probable cause of his illness. A surgeon was called in, the growth was found and removed, and the racoon, to everybody's surprise, continued to slumber peacefully on his straw for five hours afterward. At the end of that time he awoke and stretched himself, as if nothing had happened; and though he was, of course, very weak from loss of blood, he immediately displayed a most royal hunger. He ate up all the maize that was offered him for breakfast, and proceeded to manifest a desire for more by most unequivocal symptoms.

Sebastian was overjoyed. He now felt sure he had discovered a drug which would supersede chloroform—a drug more lasting in its immediate effects, and yet far less harmful in its ultimate results on the balance of the system. A name being wanted for it, he christened it "*lethodyne*." It was the best pain-luller yet invented.

For the next few weeks, at Nat's, we heard of nothing but *lethodyne*. Patients recovered, and patients died: but their deaths or recoveries were as dross to *lethodyne*. An anæsthetic that might revolutionize surgery, and even medicine! A royal road through

disease, with no trouble to the doctor and no pain to the patient! Lethodyne held the field. We were all of us, for the moment, intoxicated with lethodyne.

Sebastian's observations on the new agent occupied several months. He had begun with the racoon: he went on, of course, with those poor scapegoats of physiology, domestic rabbits. Not that in this particular case any painful experiments were in contemplation: the Professor tried the drug on a dozen or more quite healthy young animals—with the strange result that they dozed off quietly, and never woke up again. This nonplussed Sebastian. He experimented once more on another racoon with a smaller dose; the racoon fell asleep and slept like a top for fifteen hours, at the end of which time he woke up as if nothing out of the common had happened. Sebastian fell back upon rabbits again, with smaller and smaller doses. It was no good: the rabbits all died with great unanimity, until the dose was

will find them discussed at length in Volume 237 of the "Philosophical Transactions." (See also "Comptes Rendus de l'Académie de Médecine": *tomé 49, pp. 72 and sequel.*) I will restrict myself here to that part of the inquiry which immediately refers to Hilda Wade's history.

"If I were you," she said to the Professor one morning, when he was most astonished at his contradictory results, "I would test it on a hawk. If I dare venture on a suggestion, I believe you will find that hawks recover."

"The deuce they do!" Sebastian cried. However, he had such confidence in Nurse Wade's judgment that he bought a couple of hawks and tried the treatment on them. Both birds took considerable doses, and, after a period of insensibility extending to several hours, woke up in the end quite bright and lively.

"I see your principle," the Professor broke out. "It depends upon diet. Carnivores and birds of prey can take lethodyne with

impunity: herbivores and fruit-eaters cannot recover, and die of it. Man, therefore, being partly carnivorous, will doubtless be able more or less to stand it."

Hilda Wade smiled her sphinx-like smile. "Not quite that, I fancy," she answered. "It will kill cats, I feel sure: at least, most domesticated ones. But it will *not* kill weasels. Yet both are carnivores."

"That young woman knows too much!" Sebastian muttered to me, looking after her as she glided noiselessly with her gentle tread down the long white corridor. "We shall have to suppress her, Cumberledge. . . . But I'll wager my life she's right, for all that. I wonder, now, how the dickens she guessed it!"

"Intuition," I answered.

He pouted his under lip above the upper one, with a dubious acquiescence. "Inference, I call it," he retorted. "All woman's so-called intuition is in fact just rapid and half-unconscious inference."

He was so full of the subject, however, and so utterly carried away by his scientific



"IT WAS NO GOOD! THE RABBITS ALL DIED."

so diminished that it did not send them off to sleep at all. There was no middle course: apparently, to the rabbit kind, lethodyne was either fatal or else inoperative. So it proved to sheep. The new drug killed, or did nothing.

I will not trouble you with all the details of Sebastian's further researches: the curious



ardour, that I regret to say he gave a strong dose of lethodyne at once to each of the matron's petted and pampered Persian cats, which lounged about her room and were the delight of the convalescents. They were two peculiarly lazy sultanas of cats—mere jewels of the harem—Oriental beauties that loved to bask in the sun or curl themselves up on the rug before the fire, and dawdle away their lives in congenial idleness. Strange to say, Hilda's prophecy came true. Zuleika settled herself down comfortably in the Professor's easy chair, and fell into a sound sleep from which there was no awaking; while Roxana met fate on the tiger-skin she loved, coiled up in a circle, and passed from this life of dreams, without knowing it, into one where dreaming is not. Sebastian noted the facts with a quiet gleam of satisfaction in his watchful eye, and explained afterwards, with curt glibness to the angry matron, that her favourites had been "canonized in the roll of science, as painless martyrs to the advancement of physiology."

The weasels, on the other hand, with an equal dose, woke up after six hours as lively as crickets. It was clear that carnivorous tastes were not the whole solution, for Roxana was famed as a notable mouser.

"Your principle?" Sebastian asked our sybil, in his brief, quick way.

Hilda's cheek wore a glow of pardonable triumph. The great teacher had deigned to ask her assistance. "I judged by the analogy of Indian hemp," she answered. "This is clearly a similar, but much stronger, narcotic. Now, whenever I have given Indian hemp by your direction to people of sluggish or even of merely bustling temperament, I have noticed that small doses produce serious effects, and that the after-results are most undesirable. But when you have prescribed the hemp for nervous, overstrung, imaginative people, I have observed that they can stand large amounts of the tincture without evil results, and that the after-effects pass off rapidly. I, who am mercurial in temperament, for example, can take any amount of Indian hemp without being made ill by it, while ten drops will send some slow and torpid rustics mad drunk with excitement—drive them at once into homicidal mania."

Sebastian nodded his head. He needed no more explanation. "You have hit it," he said. "I see it at a glance. The old antithesis! All men and all animals fall, roughly speaking, into two great divisions of type: the impassioned and the unimpassioned,

the vivid and the phlegmatic. I catch your drift now. Lethodyne is poison to phlegmatic patients, who have not active power enough to wake up from it unhurt: it is relatively harmless to the vivid and impassioned, who can be put asleep by it, indeed, for a few hours more or less, but are alive enough to live on through the coma and reassert their vitality after it."

I recognised as he spoke that this explanation was correct: the dull rabbits, the sleepy Persian cats, and the silly sheep had died outright of lethodyne: the cunning, inquisitive racoon, the quick hawk, and the active, intense-natured weasels, all most eager, wary, and alert animals, full of keenness and passion, had recovered quickly.

"Dare we try it on a human subject?" I asked, tentatively.

Hilda Wade answered at once with that unerring rapidity of hers, "Yes, certainly; on a few—the right persons. I, for one, am not afraid to try it."

"You?" I cried, feeling suddenly aware how much I thought of her. "Oh, not *you*, please, Nurse Wade. Some other life—less valuable!"

Sebastian stared at me coldly. "Nurse Wade volunteers," he said. "It is in the cause of science. Who dares dissuade her? That tooth of yours? Ah, yes. Quite sufficient excuse. You wanted it out, Nurse Wade. Wells-Dinton shall operate."

Without a moment's hesitation, Hilda Wade sat down in an easy chair, and took a measured dose of the new anæsthetic proportioned to the average difference in weight between racoons and humanity. My face displayed my anxiety I suppose, for she turned to me, smiling, with quiet confidence. "I know my own constitution," she said, with a reassuring glance that went straight to my heart. "I do not in the least fear."

As for Sebastian, he administered the drug to her as unconcernedly as if she were a rabbit. Sebastian's scientific coolness and calmness have long been the admiration of younger practitioners.

Wells-Dinton gave one wrench. The tooth came out as though the patient were a block of marble. There was not a cry or a movement, such as one notes when nitrous oxide is administered. Hilda Wade was to all appearance a mass of lifeless flesh. We stood round and watched. I was trembling with terror. Even on Sebastian's pale face, usually so unmoved save by the watchful eagerness of scientific curiosity, I saw signs of anxiety.

After four hours of profound slumber—breath hovering, as it seemed, between life and death—she began to come to again. In half an hour more she was wide awake; she opened her eyes and asked for a glass of hock, with beef essence or oysters.

That evening, by six o'clock, she was quite well, and able to go about her duties as usual.

"Sebastian is a wonderful man," I said to her, as I entered her ward on my rounds at night. "His coolness astonishes me. Do you know, he watched you all the time you were lying asleep there as if nothing were the matter."

"Coolness?" she inquired, in a quiet voice. "Or cruelty?"

"Cruelty?" I echoed, aghast. "Sebastian cruel! Oh, Nurse Wade, what an idea! Why, he has spent his whole life in striving against all odds to alleviate pain. He is the apostle of philanthropy!"

"Of philanthropy, or of science? To alleviate pain, or to learn the whole truth about the human body?"

"Come, come now," I cried. "You analyze too far. I will not let even *you* put me out of conceit with Sebastian." (Her face flushed at that "*even you*"; I almost fancied she began to like me.) "He is the enthusiasm of my life: just consider how much he has done for humanity!"

She looked me through, searchingly. "I will not destroy your illusion," she answered, after a pause. "It is a noble and generous one. But is it not largely based on an ascetic face, long white hair, and a moustache that hides the cruel corners of the mouth? For the corners *are* cruel. Some day, I will show you them. Cut off the long hair, shave the grizzled moustache—and what then will remain?" She drew a profile hastily. "Just that," and she showed it me. 'Twas a face like Robespierre's, grown harder and older, and lined with observation. I recognised that it was in fact the essence of Sebastian.

Next day, as it turned out, the Professor

himself insisted upon testing lethodyne in his own person. All Nat's strove to dissuade him. "Your life is so precious, sir: the advancement of science!" But the Professor was adamant.

"Science can only be advanced if men of science will take their lives in their hands," he answered, sternly. "Besides, Nurse Wade has tried. Am I to lag behind a woman in my devotion to the cause of physiological knowledge?"

"Let him try," Hilda Wade murmured to me. "He is quite right. It will not hurt him. I have told him already he has just the proper temperament to stand the drug. Such people are rare: *he* is one of them."

We administered the dose, trembling. Sebastian took it like a man and dropped off instantly, for lethodyne is at least as instantaneous in its operation as nitrous oxide.

He lay long asleep. Hilda and I watched him.



"HE LAY LONG ASLEEP."

After he had lain for some minutes senseless, like a log, on the couch where we had placed him, Hilda stooped over him quietly and lifted up the ends of the grizzled moustache. Then she pointed one accusing finger at his lips. "I told you so," she murmured, with a note of demonstration.

"There is certainly something rather stern or even ruthless about the set of the face and the firm ending of the lips," I admitted, reluctantly.

"That is why God gave men moustaches," she mused, in a low voice; "to hide the cruel corners of their mouths."

"Not *always* cruel," I cried.

"Sometimes cruel, sometimes cunning, sometimes sensuous; but nine times out of ten, best masked by modstaches."

"You have a bad opinion of our sex!" I exclaimed.

"Providence knew best," she answered. "*It* gave you moustaches. That was in order that we women might be spared from always seeing you as you are. Besides, I said 'Nine times out of ten.' There are exceptions—*such* exceptions!"

On second thought, I did not feel sure that I could quarrel with her estimate.

The experiment was that time once more successful. Sebastian woke up from the comatose state after eight hours, not quite as fresh as Hilda Wade, perhaps, but still tolerably alive, less alert, however, and complaining of dull headache. He was not hungry. Hilda Wade shook her head at that. "It will be of use only in a very few cases," she said to me, regretfully; "and those few will need to be carefully picked by an acute observer. I see resistance to the coma is, even more than I thought, a matter of temperament. Why, so impassioned a man as the Professor himself cannot entirely recover. With more sluggish temperaments, we shall have deeper difficulty."

"Would you call him impassioned?" I asked. "Most people think him so cold and stern."

She shook her head. "He is a snow-capped volcano," she answered. "The fires of his life burn bright below. The exterior alone is cold and placid."

However, starting from that time, Sebastian began a course of experiments on patients, giving infinitesimal doses at first, and venturing slowly on somewhat larger quantities. But only in his own case and Hilda's could the result be called quite satisfactory. One dull and heavy, drink-sodden navy, to whom he administered no more than one-tenth of a grain, was drowsy for a week, and listless long after; while a fat washerwoman from West Ham, who took only two-tenths, fell so fast asleep, and snored so stertorously, that we feared she was going to doze off into eternity, after the fashion of the rabbits. Mothers of large families, we noted, stood the drug very ill: on pale young girls of the consumptive tendency its effect was not marked: but only a patient here and there of exceptionally imaginative and vivid temperament seemed able to endure it. Sebastian was discouraged. He saw the anæsthetic was not destined to

fulfil his first enthusiastic humanitarian expectations.

One day, while the investigation was just at this stage, a case was admitted into the observation-cots in which Hilda Wade took a particular interest. The patient was a young girl named Isabel Huntley—tall, dark, and slender, a markedly quick and imaginative type, with large black eyes which clearly bespoke a passionate nature. Though distinctly hysterical, she was pretty and pleasing. Her rich, dark hair was as copious as it was beautiful. She held herself erect, and had a finely poised head. From the first moment she arrived, I could see Nurse Wade was strongly drawn towards her. Their souls sympathized. Number Fourteen—that is our impersonal way of describing *cases*—was constantly on Hilda's lips. "I like the girl," she said once. "She is a lady in fibre."

"And a tobacco-trimmer by trade," Sebastian added, sarcastically.

As usual, Hilda's was the truer description. It went deeper.

Number Fourteen's ailment was a rare and peculiar one, into which I need not enter here with professional precision. (I have described the case fully for my brother practitioners in my paper in the fourth volume of Sebastian's "Medical Miscellanies.") It will be enough for my present purpose to say in brief that the lesion consisted of an internal growth, which is always dangerous and most often fatal, but which nevertheless is of such a character that if it be once happily eradicated by supremely good surgery it never tends to recur, and leaves the patient as strong and well as ever. Sebastian was, of course, delighted with the splendid opportunity thus afforded him. "It is a beautiful case!" he cried, with professional enthusiasm. "Beautiful! Beautiful! I never saw one so deadly or so malignant before. We are indeed in luck's way. Only a miracle can save her life. Cumberledge, we must proceed to perform the miracle."

Sebastian loved such cases. They formed his ideal. He did not greatly admire the artificial prolongation of diseased and unwholesome lives which could never be of much use to their owners or anyone else; but when a chance occurred for restoring to perfect health a valuable existence which might otherwise be extinguished before its time, he positively revelled in his beneficent calling. "What nobler object can a man propose to himself," he used to say, "than to raise good men and true from the dead, as it were, and return them whole and sound to

the family that depends upon them? Why, I had fifty times rather cure an honest coal-heaver of a wound in his leg than give ten years more lease of life to a gouty lord, diseased from top to toe, who expects to find a month of Carlsbad or Homburg once every year make up for eleven months of over-eating, over-drinking, vulgar debauchery, and under-thinking." He had no sympathy with men who lived the lives of swine: his heart was with the workers.

Of course, Hilda Wade soon suggested that, as an operation was absolutely necessary, Number Fourteen would be a splendid subject on whom to test once more the effects of lethodyne. Sebastian, with his head on one side, surveying the patient, promptly coincided. "Nervous diathesis," he observed. "Very vivid fancy. Twitches her hands the right way. Quick pulse, rapid perceptions, no meaningless unrest, but deep vitality. I don't doubt she'll stand it."

We explained to Number Fourteen the gravity of the case, and also the tentative character of the operation under lethodyne. At first, she shrank from taking it. "No, no," she said, "let me die quietly." But Hilda, like the Angel of Mercy that she was, whispered in the girl's ear, "If it succeeds, you will get quite well, and—you can marry Arthur."

The patient's dark face flushed crimson. "Ah, Arthur," she cried. "Dear Arthur! I can bear anything you choose to do to me—for Arthur!"

"How soon you find these things out!" I cried to Hilda a few minutes later. "A mere man would never have thought of that. And who is Arthur?"

"A sailor—on a ship that trades with the South Seas. I hope he is worthy of her. Fretting over Arthur's absence has aggravated the case. He is homeward-bound now. She is worrying herself to death, for fear she should not live to say good-bye to him."

"She will live to marry him," I answered, with confidence like her own, "if you say she can stand it."

"The lethodyne—oh, yes, that's all right. But the operation itself is so extremely dangerous. Though Dr. Sebastian says he has called in the best surgeon in London for all such cases—they are rare,

he tells me—and Nielsen has performed on six, three of them successfully."

We gave the girl the drug. She took it, trembling, and went off at once, holding Hilda's hand, with a pale smile on her face, which persisted there somewhat weirdly all through the operation. The work of removing the growth was long and ghastly, even for us who were well seasoned to such sights, but at the end Nielsen expressed himself as perfectly satisfied. "A very neat piece of work!" Sebastian exclaimed, looking on. "I congratulate you, Nielsen. I never saw anything done cleaner or better."

"A successful operation, certainly!" the great surgeon admitted, with just pride in the Master's commendation.

"And the patient?" Hilda asked, wavering. "Oh, the patient? The patient will die," Nielsen replied, in an unconcerned voice, wiping his spotless instruments.

"That is not my idea of the medical art," I cried, shocked at his callousness. "An operation is only successful if—"

He regarded me with lofty scorn. "A certain percentage of losses," he interrupted, calmly, "is inevitable, of course, in all surgical operations. We are obliged to average it. How could I preserve my precision and accuracy of hand if I were always bothered by sentimental considerations of the patient's safety?"

Hilda Wade glanced up at me with a sympathetic glance. "We will pull her through yet," she murmured, in her soft voice, "if care and skill can do it. My care and your skill. This is now *our* patient, Dr. Cumberledge."

It needed care and skill. We watched her for hours, and she showed no sign or gleam



"SHE SHOWED NO SIGN OF RECOVERY."

of recovery. Her sleep was deeper than either Sebastian's or Hilda's had been. She had taken a big dose, so as to secure immobility: the question now was, would she recover at all from it? Hour after hour we waited, and watched: and not a sign of movement! Only the same deep, slow, hampered breathing, the same feeble, jerky pulse, the same deathly pallor on the dark cheeks, the same corpse-like rigidity of limb and muscle.

At last, our patient stirred faintly as in a dream; her breath faltered. We bent over her. Was it death, or was she beginning to recover?

Very slowly, a faint trace of colour came back to her cheeks. Her heavy eyes half opened. They stared first with a white stare. Her arms dropped by her side. Her mouth relaxed its ghastly smile. . . . We held our breath. . . . She was coming to again!

But her coming to was slow—very, very slow. Her pulse was still weak. Her heart pumped feebly. We feared she might sink from inanition at any moment. Hilda Wade knelt on the floor by the girl's side and held a spoonful of beef essence coaxingly to her lips. Number Fourteen gasped, drew a long, slow breath, then gulped and swallowed it. After that, she lay back with her mouth open, looking like a corpse. Hilda pressed another spoonful of the soft jelly upon her: but the girl waved it away with one trembling hand. "Let me die," she cried. "Let me die! I feel dead already."

Hilda held her face close. "Isabel," she whispered—and I recognised in her tone the vast moral difference between "Isabel" and "Number Fourteen." "Is-a-bel, you must take it. For Arthur's sake, I say, you *must* take it."

The girl's hand quivered as it lay on the white coverlet. "For Arthur's sake!" she murmured, lifting her eyelids dreamily. "For Arthur's sake! Yes, nurse, dear!"

"Call me Hilda, please! Hilda!"

The girl's face lighted up again. "Yes, Hilda, dear," she answered, in an unearthly voice, like one raised from the dead. "I will call you what you will. Angel of Light, you have been so good to me."

She opened her lips with an effort, and slowly swallowed another spoonful. Then she fell back, exhausted. But her pulse improved within twenty minutes.

I mentioned the matter, with enthusiasm, to Sebastian later. "It is very nice in its way," he answered; "but . . . it is not nursing."

I thought to myself that that was just what

it was: but I did not say so. Sebastian was a man who thought meanly of women: "A doctor, like a priest," he used to declare, "should keep himself unmarried. His bride is medicine." And he disliked to see what he called *philandering* going on in his hospital. It may have been on that account that I avoided speaking much of Hilda Wade thenceforth before him.

He looked in casually next day to see the patient. "She will die," he said, with perfect assurance, as we passed down the ward together. "Operation has taken too much out of her."

"Still, she has great recuperative powers," Hilda answered. "They all have in her family, Professor. You may, perhaps, remember Joseph Huntley, who occupied Number Sixty-seven in the Accident Ward some nine months since—compound fracture of the arm—a dark, nervous engineer's assistant—very hard to restrain—well, *he* was her brother: he caught typhoid in the hospital, and you commented at the time on his strange vitality. Then there was her cousin, again, Ellen Stubbs—we had *her* for stubborn chronic laryngitis—a very bad case—anyone else would have died—yielded at once to your treatment, and made, I recollect, a splendid convalescence."

"What a memory you have!" Sebastian cried, admiring against his will. "It is simply marvellous! I never saw anyone like you in my life . . . except once. *He* was a man, a doctor, a colleague of mine—dead long ago. . . . Why—" he mused, and gazed hard at her. Hilda shrank before his gaze. "This is curious," he went on slowly, at last. "Very curious. You—why, you resemble him."

"Do I?" Hilda replied, with forced calm, raising her eyes to his. Their glances met. That moment, I saw each had recognised something; and from that day forth I was instinctively aware that a duel was being waged between Sebastian and Hilda. A duel between the two ablest and most singular personalities I had ever met. A duel of life and death—though I did not fully understand its purport till much, much later.

Every day after that, the poor, wasted girl in Number Fourteen grew feebler and fainter. Her temperature rose; her heart throbbed weakly. She seemed to be fading away. Sebastian shook his head. "Lethodyne is a failure," he said, with a mournful regret. "One cannot trust it. The case might have recovered from the operation, or recovered from the drug; but she could not recover from both together. Yet the operation



"THEIR GLANCES MET."

would have been impossible without the drug; and the drug is useless except for the operation."

It was a great disappointment to him. He hid himself in his room, as was his wont when disappointed, and went on with his old work at his beloved microbes.

"I have one hope still," Hilda murmured to me by the bedside when our patient was at her worst. "If one contingency occurs, I believe we may save her."

"What is that?" I asked.

She shook her head waywardly. "You must wait and see," she answered. "If it comes off, I will tell you. If not, let it swell the limbo of lost inspirations."

Next morning early, however, she came up to me with a radiant face, holding a newspaper in her hand. "Well, it *has* happened!" she cried, rejoicing. "We shall save poor Isabel—Number Fourteen, I mean; our way is clear, Dr. Cumberledge."

I followed her blindly to the bedside, little guessing what she could mean. She knelt down at the head of the cot. The girl's eyes were closed; I touched her cheek: she was in a high fever. "Temperature?" I asked.

"A hundred and three."

I shook my head. Every symptom of fatal relapse. I could not imagine what card Hilda held in reserve. But I stood there, waiting.

She whispered in the girl's ear: "Arthur's ship is sighted off the Lizard."

The patient opened her eyes slowly, and rolled them for a moment as if she did not understand.

"Too late!" I cried. "Too late! She is delirious—insensible!"

Hilda repeated the words slowly, but very distinctly. "Do you hear, dear? Arthur's ship . . . it is sighted. . . . Arthur's ship . . . at the Lizard."

The girl's lips moved. "Arthur! Arthur! . . . Arthur's ship!" A deep sigh. She clenched her hands. "He is coming?" Hilda nodded and smiled, holding her breath with suspense.

"Up the Channel now. He will be at Southampton to-night. Arthur . . . at Southampton. It is here, in the papers. I have telegraphed to him to hurry on at once to see you."

She struggled up for a second. A smile flitted across the worn face.

Then she fell back wearily.

I thought all was over. Her eyes stared white. But ten minutes later she opened her lids again. "Arthur is coming," she murmured. "Arthur . . . coming."

"Yes, dear. Now sleep. He is coming."

All through that day and the next night she was restless and agitated; but still, her pulse improved a little. Next morning, she was again a trifle better. Temperature falling—a hundred and one, point three. At ten o'clock Hilda came in to her, radiant.

"Well, Isabel, dear," she cried, bending down and touching her cheek (kissing is forbidden by the rules of the house). "Arthur has come. He is here . . . down below . . . I have seen him."

"Seen him!" the girl gasped.

"Yes, seen him. Talked with him. Such a nice, manly fellow, and such an honest, good face! He is longing for you to get well. He says he has come home this time to marry you."

The wan lips quivered. "He will *marry* me!"

"Yes, yes, he *will*—if you will take this jelly. Look here—he wrote these words to you before my very eyes: 'Dear love to my Isa!' . . . If you are good and will sleep he may see you—to-morrow."

The girl opened her lips and ate the jelly greedily. She ate as much as she was desired.

In three minutes more her head had fallen like a child's upon her pillow, and she was sleeping peacefully.

I went up to Sebastian's room, quite excited with the news. He was busy among his bacilli. They were his hobby, his pets. "Well, what do you think, Professor?" I cried. "That patient of Nurse Wade's—"

He gazed up at me abstractedly, his brow contracting. "Yes, yes; I know," he interrupted. "The girl in Fourteen. I have discounted her case long ago. She has ceased to interest me. . . . Dead, of course! Nothing else was possible."

I laughed a quick little laugh of triumph. "No, sir; *not* dead. Recovering! She has fallen just now into a normal sleep; her breathing is natural."

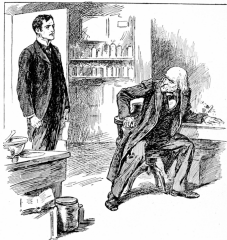
He wheeled his revolving chair away from the germs, and fixed me with his keen eyes. "Recovering?" he echoed. "Impossible! Rallying, you mean. A mere flicker. I know my trade. She *must* die this evening."

"Forgive my persistence," I replied; "but—her temperature has gone down to ninety-nine and a trifle."

He pushed away the bacilli in the nearest watch-glass quite angrily. "To ninety-nine!" he exclaimed, knitting his brows. "Cumberland, this is disgraceful! A most disappointing case! A most provoking patient!"

"But surely, sir—" I cried.

"Don't talk to *me*, boy! Don't attempt to apologize for her. Such conduct is unpardonable. She *ought* to have died. It was her clear duty. I *said* she would die, and she should have known better than to fly in the face of the faculty. Her recovery is an insult to medical science. What is the staff about? Nurse Wade should have prevented it."



"SHE OUGHT TO HAVE DIED."

"Still, sir," I exclaimed, trying to touch him on a tender spot, "the anæsthetic, you know! Such a triumph for lethodyne! This case shows clearly that on certain constitutions it may be used with advantage under certain conditions."

He snapped his fingers. "Lethodyne! pooh! I have lost interest in it. Impracticable! It is not fitted for the human species."

"Why so? Number Fourteen proves—"

He interrupted me with an impatient wave of his hand; then he rose and paced up and down the room testily. After a pause he spoke again. "The weak point of lethodyne is this: nobody can be trusted to say *when* it may be used—except Nurse Wade. Which is *not* science."

For the first time in my life, I had a glimmering idea that I distrusted Sebastian. Hilda Wade was right—the man was cruel. But I had never observed his cruelty before—because his devotion to science had blinded me to it.

## Pigs of Celebrities.

By GERTRUDE BACON.



HERE is ever a fascination in collections, and ours is, perhaps, a more essentially collecting age than any other. We collect all the things that our forefathers used to—pictures, books, plate, and other articles of *virtu*; and we have added to them a number of quite new ideas of our own—stamps, post-cards, railway-tickets, buttons, and what not, whose chief value would appear to lie in their strange character and utter uselessness.

But now, as always, the palm of collections is universally accorded to those of personal relics of the great, and the fact that these are hard to come by only enhances their value; which value too is immensely increased on the death of the original owners. Very often indeed it is then only that they acquire any worth at all. For example, Lord Nelson's coat may now be well-nigh priceless, may form a worthy gift to the Sovereign herself; while the coats that the great sailor gave away during his lifetime descended to the rag-man in natural course, as those of his humblest lieutenant. This is one of the difficulties in the way of those who would fain form collections of mementos of yet living celebrities, and to the great majority of these, as in past days, the only course open is autograph-hunting.

Autographs possess certainly a very great advantage over many other souvenirs. They are lasting, they are portable, and they are eminently characteristic, which is more than can be said of snuff-boxes and old clothes. They, moreover, lie more or less within the reach of those whose worldly means may not be great, but who possess a fair amount of perseverance and self-assurance. The name of these is legion, as every celebrity knows only to his cost, and we may well believe that the information regarding autograph-hunters, which might be supplied by distinguished people, would be not only extremely interesting, but also somewhat startling in its nature.

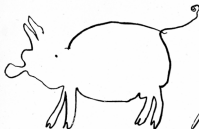
Of course, there are various species of autograph collections. There is the autographed book, with "the author's compliments" on the fly-leaf. This is particularly

attractive and valuable, and not to be lightly come by; but then all geniuses are not literary men, any more than all literary men are geniuses. There is likewise the autographed photograph, most delightful form of all, for besides perpetuating the face as well as the handwriting, its possession usually indicates a certain amount of personal friendship between giver and receiver. The following pages are intended to show yet another variety that the collection may assume, and which, among other advantages, may, at least, claim for itself a share of novelty and originality.

It consists, in short, of a number of drawings of that familiar animal the pig, drawn with the eyes shut, by leading representatives of science, art, literature, society, etc., whose world-wide renown is only equalled by their ready kindness and courtesy in ministering to the pleasure and benefit of those around them, and their exceeding indulgence in yielding to an audacious request. The idea, of course, originates in the old drawing-room game, though as a *boni-fide* collection is less often seen than its obvious advantages would seem to warrant.

Carlyle says that, given a hero, or in other words a genius, it is only a question of his environment whether he will develop "into a poet, prophet, King, priest, or what you will." The vital spark is there, and will assert itself, no matter into what lines it falls. In a similar manner, granted a man of genius and strong personality, then everything about him and every action, however slight, he performs will bear the unmistakable imprint of his great characteristic. It is no hard task to read a man's character in his face, but, as has been before exemplified in these pages, it is equally possible to do so from his hands and ears. To those who make a study of calligraphy it seems that the handwriting affords an index to character to be almost implicitly relied on, and to these students, as well as in a lesser degree the casual observer, a glance at the drawings which accompany these words will, I think, sufficiently satisfy them that, in an almost greater degree, the blindfold pigs exemplify the teaching of the autographs below.





LORD ROBERTS'S PIG.

Take the first specimen for example, which Lord Roberts so graciously consented to draw for this article. Is it possible to conceive an animal more endowed with the martial spirit of its noble artist? It is essentially and above all a *fighting pig*. Note the firmly planted feet, the aggressively forward sloping ears, the quick eye, the stubborn, determined face, and pugnacious tail. The whole attitude is instinct with pluck and defiance. This animal is "game" to the last; he has also undoubtedly "got his back up." That Lord Roberts has paid particular and unusual attention to the "trotters" indicates a careful and observant eye, a keen sense of what is right and fitting, and an untiring attention to details, while the fact

that he has consented to draw a pig at all is only another proof that, besides one of the bravest, he is likewise among the most courteous of men.

Equally distinctive is the pig of Sir Francis Jeune. Its judicial characteristics are apparent to all, even without the aid of the

Roberts

familiar initials beneath. It is in all respects a "carefully balanced" animal, and there is no mistaking the shrewdness and penetration of the eye. There is no wandering from the point, no unnecessary digressions and flourishes. The very gait suggests the even course of justice, not prone to jump to rash conclusions, not to be unduly hastened, but with patient and cautious footsteps progressing slowly and surely and impartially to the goal of equity and truth.

The companion drawing is by the famous judge's equally famous wife. Those among

Lady Jeune's admirers (and who are they who do not reckon themselves in that great army?) will welcome its presence as a fresh instance of her ladyship's never-failing kindness and graciousness; while recognising in it indications of those social and intellectual gifts that render her alike the model hostess, the leader of society, the greatest authority on every

branch of women's life and work, and the prime mover in every good scheme for the ameli-



F. H. J.

SIR FRANCIS JEUNE'S PIG.



May Jeune

LADY JEUNE'S PIG.

oration and benefit of her poorer neighbours. A peculiarity about this animal, shared only by Professor Ramsay's, is that it turns its head to the right, the reverse position to that naturally given to a pig when drawn with the right hand.

The kindness of the Bishop of Brechin in allowing his pig to adorn these pages will be appreciated by all. The popular and revered Primus of Scotland displays in his drawing those kindly and genial traits which have endeared him to all throughout an active and varied career.

Turn we now to the "pig scientific,"



*William Ramsay.*

PROFESSOR RAMSAY'S FIG.

*Herbert W. Brechin*



THE BISHOP OF BRECHIN'S FIG.

luckily represented in the two great branches of Astronomy and Chemistry, by Sir Robert Ball and Professor Ramsay. The renowned astronomer, author, lecturer, and most genial of men draws us a pig, in which he himself would be the first to trace its Irish antecedents. The keen eye of the star-gazer is there, and the fine, tapering snout that indicates the man of letters. Sir Robert

seems to have forgotten the ears, as, too, oddly enough, has Sir Francis Jeune, a curious omission in his case, for if justice be blind it is certainly not deaf.

The extreme excellence of Professor Ramsay's pig leads one almost to the suspicion that the great chemist had a corner of one eye open when he drew it, or else possessed a Röntgen-ray-like power of seeing through closed lids; but in this I may be doing him injustice. That his animal possesses a most fascinating personality no one will deny. There are indications of extreme modesty about the lowered head, downward sloping ears, and half-shut eye, while a capacity for taking infinite pains, minute attention to details, and the power of laborious research is as plainly evident in the talented little sketch as in the famous discoverer of Argon, Krypton, and the other rare constituents of the atmosphere himself.



*Henry Irving*

SIR HENRY IRVING'S FIG.



*Robert Ball*

SIR ROBERT BALL'S FIG.

Again, in the "pig histrionic" what can be more apparent than the tragic tendency it has unconsciously received from the hand of the greatest of tragedians? Sir Henry Irving has instilled a pathos and despair into the expression of his pig that the jocund and



John Tenniel

SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S FIG.

light-hearted animal can scarcely display in real life. But to Sir Henry himself it is the tail that appeals most. "It may be vanity," he writes, "but I cannot help regarding it as a masterpiece," and in this opinion admiring and grateful beholders will readily acquiesce.

An unfortunate diffidence has robbed this article of another famous actor's pig, Mr. Wyndham writing in response to an appeal that he "cannot draw with his eyes open, let alone if they were closed." Sir Evelyn Wood too replied in almost the same words. These gentlemen unfortunately did not know that the less capable you are of drawing a pig with eyes open the better one you will probably produce with eyes shut. An ardent collector will never accept as an excuse an alleged incapacity for drawing. Very frequently the objector possesses a latent talent which he either conceals from modesty or else is unconscious of; and in any case the chances are that he will produce an animal that will surprise him very much by its excellence.

Certain it is that, the better a man draws, the harder work it is to coax a pig out of him. To get a blindfold pig from a celebrated artist is rare indeed, and I doubt whether an R.A. has ever been known to draw one. We may feel the more grateful, then, to that famous veteran, Sir John Tenniel, for his unexampled goodness in giving us a specimen from his own unrivalled

pencil. It is the work of an artist, indeed, and even Sir John himself seems rather proud of it; for he writes: "I have much pleasure in sending you my picture of a 'Piggee,' drawn in pencil (blindfold), and duly signed. The result, *as I need hardly say*, fills me with wonder and admiration. It is simply an amazing fluke." He further adds that he will never attempt another, but we will venture to disagree with him as to the fluke, believing that whatever comes from that deft pen will inevitably be the best possible.

Turning to the "pig literary," he must be wanting in imagination indeed who fails to trace in Dr. Conan Doyle's spirited little sketch the resemblance to the immortal and lamented Sherlock Holmes. That pig is evidently "on the scent" of some baffling mystery. Note the quick and penetrating snout, the alert ears, thrown back in the act of listening, the nervous, sensitive tail, and the expectant, eager attitude. The spirit of the great detective breathes in every line and animates the whole.

Nor is the indication of patient and deep research, and subtle imagination less apparent in the animal Sir Walter Besant has favoured us with. The absence of the



A Conan Doyle

DR. CONAN DOYLE'S FIG.



Walter Besant

Dec 5. 1892.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S FIG.



MR. FREDERICK BRIDGE'S PIG.

second ear is, doubtless, to be accounted for by its being directly behind the other.

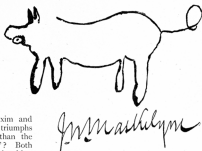
On the contrary, the ears drawn by Sir Frederick Bridge are both well defined. This, of course, is only what would be looked for in the animal of a composer. Note the deep-set eye. That in a human being is generally considered a mark of a mathematical mind, and music and mathematics are proverbially associated. The gait of this pig, too, is undoubtedly "andante."

In the "pigs mechanical" we have been lucky, indeed, in securing the work of two such mighty masters of their art as Mr. Maxim and Mr. Maskelyne. What two greater triumphs of human ingenuity can we find than the Maxim gun and the "Box trick"? Both are mechanical problems, for which either

mechanician may well envy the other, while the ordinary intellect stands amazed before such inventive genius.

Referring to his pig, Mr. Maxim writes: "I have just a suspicion that the pigs that are so well drawn in your album are by people who had their eyes partly open. The trouble with my pig is that my eyes were too tightly closed." But nobody will find fault with Mr. Maxim's animal on this score or on any other. It bears

the imprint of his matchless genius, and is certainly suggestive of the action of his incomparable gun.



MR. MASKELYNE'S PIG.

That Mr. Maskelyne had the box trick in his mind when he drew his shapely pig is evident from the resemblance it bears to the incomprehensible creature known generally as the "monkey," but sometimes credited with being something more, that emerges from that unfathomed mystery. The animal otherwise is eminently characteristic of one of the most ingenious, genial, and generous of men.

We have also received a remarkably good pig from Mr. Harry Furniss, together with a most interesting letter in which Mr. Furniss reveals a secret of his own for drawing pigs blindfold almost as well as when the eyes are open. As we do not wish to give away this secret

before our readers have had an opportunity of trying what they can do in the ordinary way, we reserve Mr. Furniss's letter and drawings for publication next month.



MR. MAXIM'S PIG.

## Vegetable Vagaries.

By THOMAS E. CURTIS.

(Illustrations from Photographs.)



WITH a penknife and pin, a few twigs and leaves, and some acorns and mast, these odd little men and women have been made. Some of them are full of grace and action, as befits the characters they are supposed to represent. Others are warped and

ungainly, as if life to them were a hard and weary struggle; while others bear in their countenances an airy dignity that betokens a mind above the wear-and-tear of daily existence.

That much, at least, any aesthetically-minded person will be able to see in our illustrations. The great public, however, will see only a few curious inanimate pigmies, and will almost refuse to believe that the materials of which they are made are as simple as we have said them to be. But there is no doubt upon that point. The figures represent a few characters well known in fiction and drama, and it is to the facile fancy of Mr. W. Kershaw Davies, of West Dome House, Bognor, that their creation is due.

In our magazine some time back we showed a few heads made of antirrhinum seed, and these little snap-dragon images were quaint enough to delight thousands of our readers; but Mr. Davies, in his unique gallery of vegetable oddities, has brought

to complete fruition the possibilities of these tiny garden favourites.

In the choice of subjects for his tableaux, Mr. Davies is certainly ambitious. The first photograph represents no other than the scene from "Othello," when Iago convinces the Moor of Desdemona's faithlessness. Othello is the figure on the left in a

picturesque robe of antirrhinum lichen, with his twig arms uplifted in an attitude of despair. He is racked with anguish, having decided that Desdemona shall die, and is saying, "O, the pity of it, Iago." Judging from the attitude of Iago's hair (made from Spanish chestnut), one might suppose that he was rather frightened at the intensity of his victim's sufferings.

In dealing with our second picture we are strongly tempted to ask again the question put by

Banquo to Macbeth:—

What are these,  
So wither'd and so wild  
in their attire,  
That look not like th' inhabitants of the earth,  
And yet are on 't?

For in this group the artist in leaves and twigs has attempted to represent the three weird sisters. Their heads are made of beech mast, and their garments of dried leaves, the eyes being represented with beads of glass. These, with the addition of the hats which figure in the "Temperance Lecture" soon to follow,



OTHELLO AND IAGO.



THE THREE WITCHES FROM "MACBETH."



ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY.



A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

are the only artificial means which Mr. Davies has adopted in his expression of personality. Small wonder that if the noble Macbeth saw such apparitions as these he was instantly amazed, to say nothing of his doubts regarding their sex.

We now come to a graphic representation from the immortal history of Robinson Crusoe. It is needless to ask the youth of the present day what these things represent, for the answer would be forthcoming in a trice. Better is it to describe the personal apparel of the doughty Crusoe and his valiant Friday. The snap-dragon, lichens, and twigs are again used with skill, and Friday's hair, which would arouse jealousy in the breast of any *coiffeur*, is expressed with the seed of the corn-flower. Note the progressive movement of Robinson as he advances with his huge umbrella.

Hunger, we may see, had already set in and attenuated Friday's manly frame.

In the "Temperance Lecture" the hats are made of paper, the umbrella from winter cherry, the clothing from lichen, and the faces of snap-dragon. As all temperance lectures are best embodied in the persons of those who take too much, it is needless for us to enforce the moral of this group.



THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

The pose shown in "The Last of the Mohicans" is worthy of the artist, and one instantly calls to mind the lone appearance of mummies from Indian land, which we may see in any museum. The despair centred in the last of a great tribe is here only equalled by the aptness with which mere twigs have been utilized for the bones of the abject survivor.

Those who have had the pleasure of seeing

an Ojibbeway dance will find in the next illustration a fairly faithful reproduction of that curious Indian ceremony, but will miss the cries and howls which are a necessary accompaniment. It does seem as if a little fire-water had stirred these figures up, for their movements are most fantastic and their snap-dragon faces fearful to behold. In the composition of this group the same materials have been used as in "The Three Witches." Mark the energetic dance of the right Ojibbeway, which is the right way for an Ojibbeway to do it.

Our subject ends with a miscellaneous collection of humorous and geographical objects. The first of these, shown in the second



OJIBBEWAY DANCE.



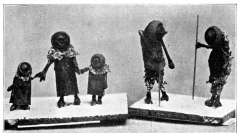
"MY WIFE, SIR!"

ESKIMO WOMAN.

A GOOD THRASHING.

furry robe, and the man who does the thrashing, in the last sad group, handles his rod like a school-teacher. In the illustration below we find an Eskimo woman and her daughters; and two men, one of whom, with a worldly look upon his acorn face, is supposed to be saying to the other, "I know a trick worth two of that." The pose of the first group is as clever as any in the collection.

illustration on this page, is composed of three groups: (1) "My Wife, Sir!" (2) "An Eskimo Woman"; and (3) "A Good Thrashing." These are made of acorns, lichens, and twigs. In the first the acorn husband, who might have become a strong oak, introduces his little acorn wife with a courteous wave of the hand. The Eskimo woman stands alone in a line,



AN ESKIMO WOMAN AND HER DAUGHTERS.

"I KNOW A TRICK WORTH TWO OF THAT."



By E. NESBIT.

# I.—THE BOOK OF BEASTS.

**H**E happened to be building a Palace when the news came, and he left all the bricks kicking about the floor for Nurse to clear up—but then the news was rather remarkable news.

You see, there was a knock at the front door and voices talking downstairs, and Lionel thought it was the man come to see about the gas which had not been allowed to be lighted since the day when Lionel made a swing by tying his skipping-rope to the gas-bracket.

And then, quite suddenly, Nurse came in, and said, "Master Lionel, dear, they've come to fetch you to go and be King."

Then she made haste to change his smock and to wash his face and hands and brush his hair, and all the time she was doing it Lionel kept wriggling and fidgeting and caving, "Oh, don't, Nurse," and, "I'm sure

my ears are quite clean," or, "Never mind my hair, it's all right," and "That'll do."

"You're going on as if you was going to be an eel instead of a King," said Nurse.

The minute Nurse let go for a moment Lionel bolted off without waiting for his clean handkerchief, and in the drawing-room there were two very grave-looking gentlemen in red robes with fur, and gold coronets with velvet sticking up out of the middle like the cream in the very expensive tarts.

They bowed low to Lionel, and the gravest one said:—

"Sire, your great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, the King of this country, is dead, and now you have got to come and be King."

"Yes, please, sir," said Lionel; "when does it begin?"

"You will be crowned this afternoon," said the grave gentleman who was not quite so grave-looking as the other.



"Would you like me to bring Nurse, or what time would you like me to be fetched, and hadn't I better put on my velvet suit with the lace collar?" said Lionel, who had often been out to tea.

"Your Nurse will be removed to the Palace later. No, never mind about changing your suit; the Royal robes will cover all that up."

The grave gentlemen led the way to a coach with eight white horses, which was drawn up in front of the house where Lionel lived. It was No. 7, on the left-hand side of the street as you go up.

Lionel ran upstairs at the last minute, and he kissed Nurse and said:—

"Thank you for washing me. I wish I'd let you do the other ear. No—there's no time now. Give me the hanky. Good-bye, Nurse."

"Good-bye, ducky," said Nurse; "be a good little King now, and say 'please' and 'thank you,' and remember to pass the cake to the little girls, and don't have more than two helps of anything."

So off went Lionel to be made a King. He had never expected to be a King any more than you have, so it was all quite new to him—so new that he had never even thought of it. And as the coach went through the town he had to bite his tongue to be quite sure it was real, because if his tongue was real it showed he wasn't dreaming. Half an hour before he had been building with bricks in the nursery; and now—the streets were all fluttering with flags; every window was crowded with people waving handkerchiefs and scattering flowers; there were scarlet soldiers everywhere along the pavements, and all the bells of all the churches were ringing like mad, and like a great song to the music of their ringing he heard thousands of people shouting, "Long live Lionel! Long live our little King!"

He was a little sorry at first that he had not put on his best clothes, but he soon forgot to think about that. If he had been a girl he would very likely have bothered about it the whole time.

As they went along, the grave gentlemen, who were the Chancellor and the Prime Minister, explained the things which Lionel did not understand.

"I thought we were a Republic," said Lionel. "I'm sure there hasn't been a King for some time."

"Sire, your great-great-great-great-grandfather's death happened when my grandfather was a little boy," said the Prime

Minister, "and since then your loyal people have been saving up to buy you a crown—so much a week, you know, according to people's means—sixpence a week from those who have first-rate pocket-money, down to a half-penny a week from those who haven't so much. You know it's the rule that the crown must be paid for by the people."

"But hadn't my great-great-however-much-it-is-grandfather a crown?"

"Yes, but he sent it to be tinned over, for fear of vanity, and he had had all the jewels taken out, and sold them to buy books. He was a strange man—a very good King he was, but he had his faults—he was fond of books. Almost with his latest breath he sent the crown to be tinned—and he never lived to pay the tinsmith's bill."

Here the Prime Minister wiped away a tear, and just then the carriage stopped and Lionel was taken out of the carriage to be crowned. Being crowned is much more tiring work than you would suppose, and by the time it was over, and Lionel had worn the Royal robes for an hour or two and had had his hand kissed by everybody whose business it was to do it, he was quite worn out, and was very glad to get into the Palace nursery.

Nurse was there, and tea was ready: seedly cake and plummy cake, and jam and hot buttered toast, and the prettiest china with red and gold and blue flowers on it, and real tea, and as many cups of it as you liked. After tea Lionel said:—

"I think I should like a book. Will you get me one, Nurse?"

"Bless the child," said Nurse, "you don't suppose you've lost the use of your legs with just being a King? Run along, do, and get your books yourself."

So Lionel went down into the library. The Prime Minister and the Chancellor were there, and when Lionel came in they bowed very low, and were beginning to ask Lionel most politely what on earth he was coming bothering for now—when Lionel cried out:—

"Oh, what a worldful of books! Are they yours?"

"They are yours, your Majesty," answered the Chancellor. "They were the property of the late King, your great-great—"

"Yes, I know," Lionel interrupted. "Well, I shall read them all. I love to read. I am so glad I learned to read."

"If I might venture to advise your Majesty," said the Prime Minister, "I should not read these books. Your great—"

"Yes," interrupted Lionel, quickly.

"He was a very good King—oh, yes, really a very superior King in his way, but he was a little—well, strange."

"Mad?" asked Lionel, cheerfully.

"No, no"—both the gentlemen were sincerely shocked. "Not mad; but if I may express it so, he was—er—too clever by half. And I should not like a little King of mine to have anything to do with his books."

Lionel looked puzzled.

"The fact is," the Chancellor went on, twisting his red beard in an agitated way, "your great—"

"Go on," said Lionel.

"Was called a wizard."

"But he wasn't?"

"Of course not—a most worthy King was your great—"

"I see."

"But I wouldn't touch his books."

"Just this one," cried Lionel, laying his hands on the cover of a great brown book that lay on the study table. It had gold patterns on the brown leather, and gold clasps with turquoises and rubies in the twists of them, and gold corners, so that the leather should not wear out too quickly.

"I *must* look at this one," Lionel said, for on the back in big letters he read: "The Book of Beasts."

The Chancellor said, "Don't be a silly little King."

But Lionel had got the gold clasps undone, and he opened the first page, and there was a beautiful Butterfly all red, and brown, and yellow, and blue, so beautifully painted that it looked as if it were alive.

"There," said Lionel, "isn't that lovely? Why—"

But as he spoke the beautiful Butterfly fluttered its many-coloured wings on the yellow old page of the book, and flew up and out of the window.

"Well!" said the Prime Minister, as soon as he could speak for the lump of wonder that had got into his throat and tried to choke him, "that's magic, that is."

But before he had spoken the King had turned the next page, and there was a shining bird complete and beautiful in every blue feather of him. Under him was written, "Blue Bird of Paradise," and while the King gazed enchanted at the charming picture the Blue Bird fluttered his wings on the yellow page and spread them and flew out of the book.

Then the Prime Minister snatched the book away from the King and shut it up on the blank page where the bird had been, and put it on a very high shelf. And the

Chancellor gave the King a good shaking, and said:—

"You're a naughty, disobedient little King," and was very angry indeed.

"I don't see that I've done any harm," said Lionel. He hated being shaken, as all boys do; he would much rather have been slapped.

"No harm?" said the Chancellor. "Ah—but what do you know about it? That's the question. How do you know what might have been on the next page—a snake or a worm, or a

centipede or a revolutionist, or something like that."

"Well, I'm sorry if I've vexed you," said Lionel. "Come, let's kiss and be friends." So he kissed the Prime Minister, and they



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"THE CHANCELLOR GAVE THE KING A GOOD SHAKING."

settled down for a nice quiet game of noughts and crosses, while the Chancellor went to add up his accounts.

But when Lionel was in bed he could not sleep for thinking of the book, and when the full moon was shining with all her might and light he got up and crept down to the library and climbed up and got the "Book of Beasts."

He took it outside on to the terrace, where the moonlight was as bright as day, and he opened the book, and saw the empty pages with "Butterfly" and "Blue Bird of Paradise" underneath, and then he turned the next page. There was some sort of red thing sitting under a palm tree, and under it was written "Dragon." The Dragon did not move, and the King shut up the book rather quickly and went back to bed.

But the next day he wanted another look, so he got the book out into the garden, and when he undid the clasps with the rubies and turquoises, the book opened all by itself at the picture with "Dragon" underneath, and the sun shone full on the page. And then, quite suddenly, a great Red Dragon came out of the book, and spread vast scarlet wings and flew away across the garden to the far hills, and Lionel was left with the empty page before him, for the page was quite empty except for the green palm tree and the yellow desert, and the little streaks of red where the paint brush had gone outside the outline of the Red Dragon.

And then Lionel

felt that he had indeed done it. He had not been King twenty-four hours, and already he had let loose a Red Dragon to worry his faithful subjects' lives out. And they had been saving up so long to buy him a crown, and everything!

Lionel began to cry.

Then the Chancellor and the Prime Minister and the Nurse all came running to see what was the matter. And when they saw the book they understood, and the Chancellor said:—

"You naughty little King! Put him to bed, Nurse, and let him think over what he's done."

"Perhaps, my Lord," said the Prime



"THE DRAGON FLEW AWAY ACROSS THE GARDEN."

Minister, "we'd better first find out just what he *has* done."

Then Lionel, in floods of tears, said:—

"It's a Red Dragon, and it's gone flying away to the hills, and I *am* so sorry, and, oh, do forgive me!"

But the Prime Minister and the Chancellor had other things to think of than forgiving Lionel. They hurried off to consult the police and see what could be done. Everyone did what they could. They sat on committees and stood on guard, and lay in wait for the Dragon, but he stayed up in the hills, and there was nothing more to be done. The faithful Nurse, meanwhile, did not neglect her duty. Perhaps she did more than anyone else, for she slapped the King and put him to bed without his tea, and when it got dark she would not give him a candle to read by.

"You are a naughty little King," she said, "and nobody will love you."

Next day the Dragon was still quiet, though the more poetic of Lionel's subjects could see the redness of the Dragon shining through the green trees quite plainly. So Lionel put on his crown and sat on his throne and said he wanted to make some laws.

And I need hardly say that though the Prime Minister and the Chancellor and the Nurse might have the very poorest opinion of Lionel's private judgment, and might even slap him and send him to bed, the minute he got on his throne and set his crown on his head, he became infallible—which means that everything he said was right, and that he couldn't possibly make a mistake. So when he said:—

"There is to be a law forbidding people to open books in school or elsewhere"—he had the support of at least half of his subjects, and the other half—the grown-up half—pretended to think he was quite right.

Then he made a law that everyone should always have enough to eat. And this pleased everyone except the ones who had always had too much.

And when several other nice new laws were written down he went home and made mud-houses and was very happy. And he said to his Nurse:—

"People will love me now I've made such a lot of pretty new laws for them."

But Nurse said: "Don't count your chickens, my dear. You haven't seen the last of that Dragon yet."

Now the next day was Saturday. And in the afternoon the Dragon suddenly

swooped down upon the common in all his hideous redness, and carried off the football players, umpires, goal-posts, football, and all.

Then the people were very angry indeed, and they said:—

"We might as well be a Republic. After saving up all these years to get his crown, and everything!"

And wise people shook their heads and foretold a decline in the National Love of Sport. And, indeed, football was not at all popular for some time afterwards.

Lionel did his best to be a good King during the week, and the people were beginning to forgive him for letting the Dragon out of the book. "After all," they said, "football is a dangerous game, and perhaps it is wise to discourage it."

Popular opinion held that the football players, being tough and hard, had disagreed with the Dragon so much that he had gone away to some place where they only play cats' cradle and games that do not make you hard and tough.

All the same, Parliament met on the Saturday afternoon, a convenient time, when most of the members would be free to attend, to consider the Dragon. But unfortunately the Dragon, who had only been asleep, woke up because it was Saturday, and he considered the Parliament, and afterwards there were not any members left, so they tried to make a new Parliament, but being a member had somehow grown as unpopular as football playing, and no one would consent to be elected, so they had to do without a Parliament. When the next Saturday came round everyone was a little nervous, but the Red Dragon was pretty quiet that day and only ate an Orphanage.

Lionel was very, very unhappy. He felt that it was his disobedience that had brought this trouble on the Parliament and the Orphanage and the football players, and he felt that it was his duty to try and do something. The question was, what?

The Blue Bird that had come out of the book used to sing very nicely in the Palace rose-garden, and the Butterfly was very tame, and would perch on his shoulder when he walked among the tall lilies: so Lionel saw that *all* the creatures in the Book of Beasts could not be wicked, like the Dragon, and he thought:—

"Suppose I could get another beast out who would fight the Dragon?"

So he took the Book of Beasts out into the rose-garden and opened the page next



"THE DRAGON ONLY ATE AN OUPHSAKE."

to the one where the Dragon had been, just a tiny bit to see what the name was. He could only see "cora," but he felt the middle of the page swelling up thick with the creature that was trying to come out, and it was only by putting the book down and sitting on it suddenly, very hard, that he managed to get it shut. Then he fastened the clasps with the rubies and turquoises in them and sent for the Chancellor, who had been ill on Saturday week, and so not been eaten with the rest of the Parliament, and he said:—

"What animal ends in 'cora'?"

The Chancellor answered:—

"The Manticora, of course."

"What is he like?" asked the King.

"He is the sworn foe of Dragons," said the Chancellor. "He drinks their blood. He is yellow, with the body of a lion and the face of a man. I wish we had a few Manticoras

here now. But the last died hundreds of years ago—worse luck!"

Then the King ran and opened the book at the page that had "cora" on it, and there was the picture—Manticora, all yellow, with a lion's body and a man's face, just as the Chancellor had said.

And under the picture was written, "The Manticora."

And in a few minutes the Manticora came sleepily out of the book, rubbing its eyes with its hands and mewing piteously. It seemed very stupid, and when Lionel gave it a push and said, "Go along and fight the Dragon, do," it put its tail between its legs and fairly ran away. It went and hid behind the Town Hall, and at night when the people were asleep it went round and ate all the pussy-cats in the town. And then it mewed more than ever. And on the Saturday morning, when people were a little timid about going out, because the Dragon had no regular hour for calling, the Manticora went up and down the streets and drank all the milk that was left in the cans at the doors for people's teas, and it ate the cans as well.

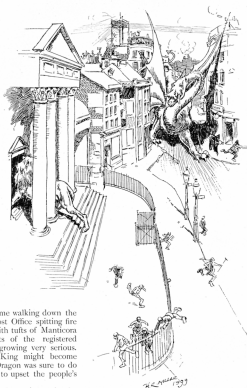
And just when it had finished the very last little ha'porth, which was short measure,

because the milkman's nerves were quite upset, the Red Dragon came down the street looking for the Manticora. It edged off when it saw him coming, for it was not at all the Dragon-fighting kind; and, seeing no other door open, the poor, hunted creature took refuge in the General Post Office, and there the Dragon found it, trying to conceal itself among the ten o'clock mail. The Dragon fell on the Manticora at once, and the mail was no defence. The mewings were heard all over the town. All the pussies and the milk the Manticora had had seemed to have strengthened its mew wonderfully. Then there was a sad silence, and presently the people whose windows looked that

way saw the Dragon come walking down the steps of the General Post Office spitting fire and smoke, together with tufts of Manticora fur, and the fragments of the registered letters. Things were growing very serious. However popular the King might become during the week, the Dragon was sure to do something on Saturday to upset the people's loyalty.

The Dragon was a perfect nuisance for the whole of Saturday, except during the hour of noon, and then he had to rest under a tree or he would have caught fire from the heat of the sun. You see, he was very hot to begin with.

At last came a Saturday when the Dragon actually walked into the Royal nursery and carried off the King's own pet Rocking-Horse. Then the King cried for six days, and on the seventh he was so tired that he had to stop. Then he heard the Blue Bird singing among the roses and saw the Butterfly fluttering among the lilies, and he said:—



"THE MANTICORA TOOK REFUGE IN THE GENERAL POST OFFICE."

"Nurse, wipe my face, please. I am not going to cry any more."

Nurse washed his face, and told him not to be a silly little King. "Crying," said she, "never did anyone any good yet."

"I don't know," said the little King, "I seem to see better, and to hear better now that I've cried for a week. Now, Nurse, dear, I know I'm right, so kiss me in case I never come back. I *must* try if I can't save the people."

"Well, if you must, you must," said Nurse; "but don't tear your clothes or get your feet wet."

So off he went.

The Blue Bird sang more sweetly than ever, and the Butterfly shone more brightly as Lionel once more carried the Book of Beasts out into the rose-garden, and opened it—very quickly—so that he might not be afraid and change his mind. The book fell open wide, almost in the middle, and there was written at the bottom of the page, "The Hippogriff," and before Lionel had time to see what the picture was, there was a fluttering of great wings and a stamping of hoofs, and a sweet, soft, friendly neighing; and there came out of the book a beautiful white horse with a long, long, long mane and a long, long white tail, and he had great wings like swan's wings, and the softest, kindest eyes in the world, and he stood there among the roses.

The Hippogriff rubbed its silky-soft, milky-white nose against the little King's shoulder, and the little King thought: "But for the wings you are very like my poor, dear, lost Rocking-Horse." And the Blue Bird sang very loud and sweet.

Then suddenly the King saw coming through the sky the great straggling, sprawling, wicked shape of the Red Dragon. And he knew at once what he must do. He caught up the Book of Beasts and jumped on the back of the gentle, beautiful Hippogriff, and leaning down he whispered in the sharp white ear:—

"Fly, dear Hippogriff, fly your very fastest to the Pebbly Waste."

And when the Dragon saw them start, he turned and flew after them, with his great wings flaming like clouds at sunset, and the Hippogriff spread his wide wings, and they were snowy as clouds at the moon rising.

When the people in the town saw the Dragon fly off after the Hippogriff and the King they all came out of their houses to look, and when they saw the two disappear they made up their minds to the worst, and began to think what would be worn for Court mourning.

But the Dragon could not catch the Hippogriff. The red wings were bigger than the white ones, but they were not so strong, and so the white-winged horse flew away and away and away, with the Dragon pursuing, till he reached the very middle of the Pebbly Waste.

Now, the Pebbly Waste is just like the parts of the seaside where there is no sand—

all round, loose, shifting stones, and there is no grass there and no tree within a hundred miles of it.

Lionel jumped off the white horse's back in the very middle of the Pebbly Waste, and he hurriedly unclasped the Book of Beasts and laid it open on the pebbles. Then he clattered among the pebbles in his haste to get back on to his white horse, and had just jumped on when up came the Dragon. He was flying very feebly, and looking round everywhere for a tree, for it was just on the stroke of twelve, the sun was shining like a gold guinea in the blue sky, and there was not a tree for a hundred miles.

The white-winged horse flew round and round the Dragon as he writhed on the dry pebbles. He was getting very hot; indeed, parts of him even had begun to smoke. He knew that he must certainly catch fire in another minute unless he could get under a tree. He made a snatch with his red claws at the King and Hippogriff, but he was too feeble to reach them, and besides, he did not dare to over-exert himself for fear he should get any hotter.

It was then that he saw the Book of Beasts lying on the pebbles, open at the page with "The Dragon" written at the bottom. He looked and he hesitated, and he looked again, and then, with one last squirm of rage, the Dragon wriggled himself back into the picture, and sat down under the palm tree, and the page was a little singed as he went in.

As soon as Lionel saw that the Dragon had really been obliged to go and sit under his own palm tree because it was the only tree there, he jumped off his horse and shut the book with a bang.

"Oh, hurrah!" he cried. "Now we really *have* done it."

And he clasped the book very tight with the turquoise and ruby clasps.

"Oh, my precious Hippogriff," he cried, "you are the bravest, dearest, most beautiful—"

"Hush," whispered the Hippogriff, modestly. "Don't you see that we are not alone?"

And indeed there was quite a crowd round them on the Pebbly Waste: the Prime Minister and the Parliament and the Football Players and the Orphanage and the Manticora and the Rocking-Horse, and indeed everyone who had been eaten by the Dragon. You see, it was impossible for the Dragon to take them into the book with him—it was a tight fit even for



"HE SHUT THE BOOK WITH A BANG."

one Dragon—so, of course, he had to leave them outside!

They all got home somehow, and all lived happy ever after.

When the King asked the Manticora where he would like to live he begged to be allowed to go back into the book. "I do not care for public life," he said.

Of course he knew his way on to his own page, so there was no danger of his opening the book at the wrong page and letting out a Dragon or anything. So he got back into his picture, and has never come out since: that is why you will never see a Manticora as long as you live, except in a picture-book. And of course he left the pussies outside,

because there was no room for them in the book—and the milk-cans too.

Then the Rocking-Horse begged to be allowed to go and live on the Hippogriff's page of the book. "I should like," he said, "to live somewhere where Dragons can't get at me."

So the beautiful, white-winged Hippogriff showed him the way in, and there he stayed till the King had him taken out for his great-great-great-grandchildren to play with.

As for the Hippogriff, he accepted the position of the King's Own Rocking-Horse—a situation left vacant by the retirement of the wooden one. And the Blue Bird and the Butterfly sing and flutter among the lilies and roses of the Palace garden to this very day.



## Curiosities.\*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

### A DUCK WITH A SEA-WEED TAIL.

The photo. we here reproduce shows a very curious freak of Nature, found July 31st, 1898, on the beach near the Cliff House, San Francisco. It is a young bird known as a "ruddy" duck—a sea-fowl which is very common along the North Pacific coast. Instead of feathers, the duck wears a tail of sea-weed—growing sea-weed—fine and soft, and dark green in colour.



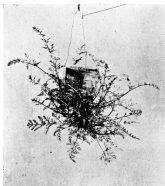
The bird was caught on the beach by Mr. Henry Schmidt, proprietor of a resort near the Cliff House, and was taken by him to the office of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, where it was examined and photographed. The theory is that when the duck was quite young, seeds or spores of the weed found lodgment in the fissures of the tail-feather stems (which are exceedingly tender in the young of these birds), and that the marine growth has supplanted the natural feathery covering of the stems.

### A TICKLISH MOMENT.

The uses of snap-shot photography are many and various. Without its beneficent aid it would be impossible to obtain impressions of such scenes as that depicted in the photo. here reproduced. The boy in the air has just reached the extreme limit of his upward flight, and is about to descend. Notice the uneasy look on his face, and the convulsive clenching of his outstretched hand. The group below are waiting to catch him as he falls, every muscle tense and rigid. If anyone had sneezed, or if one of them had caught sight of the photographer, the result might have been disaster for the lad in the air. Our photo. was sent in by Mr. Edmund Garnson, 113, Stewart Street, Ottawa, Canada.

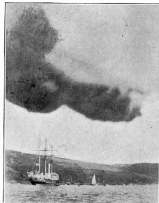
### HOW TO GROW CARROT. FERN.

The beautiful fern-embosomed basket seen in the accompanying illustration is good enough to ornament any greenhouse or drawing-room. Nothing more is required to produce it than an ordinary large-sized carrot, the *method* *excruciat* being as follows: Cut off the end of the carrot and



scoop out the inside. Attach wires to this and hang it up, filling the hollow part with fresh water daily. Shoots will very soon appear, covering the carrot almost completely, and resembling a pretty fern. A few flowers judiciously placed in the water will convert the whole into a perfect dream of beauty. We are indebted to Mr. A. H. Bridge, of Sussex Lodge, Sussex Road, Southsea, for the photo. and "notion."





THE HAND OF DESTINY.

This photo. does not show a curious cloud, such as you might suppose, but is the result of an amusing accident, which must at some time or other have happened to most photographic amateurs. While Cadet M. C. Bonford, of H.M.S. *Britannia*, was being ferried in a boat from the shore to his ship, he suddenly took it into his head to secure a snap-shot of the shore. Just as he made the exposure, however, the boatman held out his hand for the fare, and the nebulous shadow seen in the sky of our photo. was the result. The shape of the open hand and arm can be easily traced when you know what it is.

## SCULPTURE IN SAND.

The accompanying photo. was taken on the beach at Atlantic City, New Jersey, in the spring of last year. It represents "Sorrow, mourning over the brave hearts lost in the battleship *Maine*." In spite



of its solid appearance, it is fashioned in no more permanent material than sand. The sculptor made a heap of damp sand, and then, with a piece of wood, turned out the figure in relief shown in our photo. in a very few minutes. The photo. was sent us by Mr. R. Percival Campbell, of "The Sherbrooke," Montreal, Canada. We shall be glad to receive other photographs of sand art.



A LONG-ARMED BOY.

The boy seen in this reproduction lives in Cranford, New Jersey, and while he is broad-shouldered and high-chested, he is yet able to throw his arms right round his back and make his fingers overlap, as you see here. His arms, although long, do not attract attention; the great size of the hands seen in our photo. being due to their proximity to the camera. The photo. was sent in by Mr. A. L. Brown, 117, Wall Street, New York.



SAVED BY A BOOT.

This boot is made on what is known as the "Standard Screw" principle; the sole and the upper being fastened together by means of brass screw-wire in precisely the same manner as ordinary screws are turned into wood. While wearing this boot one day, a porter in the service of the Great Eastern Railway was knocked down by a goods train, his foot getting caught in the points. Fortunately for him, however, so strongly was the boot made that although several heavily-laden waggons passed over it, not a screw moved, the boot remaining solid and so saving the man from an accident which might otherwise have rendered him a cripple for life. Photo. sent in by Mr. J. Pryke, 12, Portland Road, Colchester.

THE MYSTERIOUS  
POSTER.

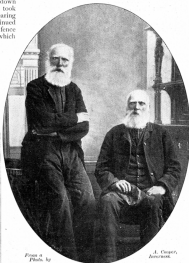
This striking advertisement was exhibited at Blackpool in 1897. It was about 27½ ft. long and 9 ft. high. In case any of our readers should experience difficulty in solving the problem, we append a translation: "Before you are too late, secure a front seat to see the Flying Lady. If you are wise you will not miss it (hit)." This photo, of the poster was sent in by Mr. H. Bowker, Pacific Place, Radcliffe, Lancs.



## "SPONG'S LEAP."

Mr. Spong, of Rochester, was one day riding down the High Street at Brompton, when his horse took fright and dashed away at a frightful pace. Tearing through the arch at Brompton Barracks, it continued on its mad career in the direction of the iron fence at the other side of the barrack yard, beyond which was a fall of 42 ft. It was while crossing the yard that Mr. Spong arrived at a full sense of his fearful position; the dwarf-like appearance of a large tree beyond the iron rails indicated the great depth. The animal presently arrived at the 5 ft. fence, which it at once took, and horse and rider disappeared, the animal carrying away some seventeen or eighteen of the iron bars into the chasm below. Fortunately a flight of steps intercepted the fall, and on these the horse alighted after falling a distance of 17 ft. The distance from the spot where the

horse took his leap to the spot he arrived on below was 36 ft. Singularly enough, neither horse nor rider was seriously hurt. Mr. Spong, who stuck to his saddle all the time, afterwards rode the animal home.



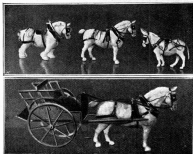
From a  
Photo. by

A. Cooper,  
Inverness.

## VENERABLE TWINS.

These two old gentlemen were weavers, and so alike that it was impossible to tell them apart. Indeed, when they were young their own mother found the task so difficult that she made one of them grow a tuft of hair as a distinguishing mark. In their old age the two made their way north, dying at the Inverness Workhouse within a very short time of one another. During the whole of their long lives these twins had never been separated, and they always slept under the same roof. Photo. sent in by Mr. W. M. Sawick, Jun., 36, Church Street, Inverness.





NOVEL USE FOR CANDLE-ENDS.

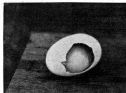
The figures in this photo. are interesting as being modelled out of ordinary candle-grease. The draught-horse seen in our illustration weighs about 13lb., and stands 10in. high. The figures were not cast in a mould, but worked entirely by hand, the harness being ingeniously made of American cloth, with silver paper to imitate the mounting. We are indebted for our photo. to the maker of the figures, Miss W. A. Ogilvie, Holmfeld, Kelso, N.H.

## A MONSTER MOUSE-TRAP.

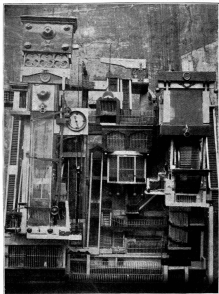
The weird-looking structure here shown is nothing more or less than the biggest, most complicated, and most ingenious mouse-trap in the world. The poor little mouse enters it by way of an ordinary penny mouse-trap. Once inside, a veritable inferno of baffling intricacies awaits him. He sees a long gallery ahead, and, scenting freedom, bolts down it, setting all the hidden machinery of the awful place to work. He is taken up towers by automatic lifts; he loses himself in a cunning maze; he climbs up interminable ladders only to find himself brought down once more by a descending lift. Then he starts on his weary journey over again, only to find himself presently a prisoner inside a gigantic wheel, which his own weight causes to revolve. He is hurried from chamber to chamber by the various mechanical contrivances, which keep him always on the move in his vain search for an exit. There are over a hundred separate traps in this terrifying creation, which occupied a man during his spare time for thirty years. The trap stands 5ft. 6in. high, by 4ft. 6in. long, and 3ft. wide. Its estimated value is £75. Photo. sent in by Mr. F. Rogers, Baulah House, Hatfield Road, Nottingham.

## A HEN WITH ORIGINAL IDEAS.

There is a hen at Antingham, Norfolk, with original ideas about eggs. She thinks, apparently, that the world is tired of the ordinary type of egg, and by way of a much-needed change she has taken to laying eggs surrounded by a large-sized protective shell, such as the one seen in the accompanying photo. This weighs over 7oz., and, as will be seen, there is a perfectly-formed egg of normal size within the outer covering. Two of these "pro-



tected" eggs were laid within a month. Photo. sent in by the Rev. F. G. Davies, of Antingham Rectory, North Walsham, Norfolk.





CUTTING UP A SHARK.

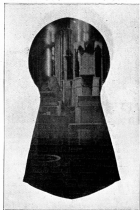
This photo, shows Captain Rivers, of the American ship *A. G. Roper*, in the act of cutting up a shark 9ft. in length, which is lashed on the post-quarter of the vessel. The dissecting instrument is a keen Japanese sword. Seventy-three sharks were caught by Captain Rivers on one voyage in 1897. To be seen properly the illustration should be held cornerwise, the faint line above the captain's head being the horizon. We are indebted for the photo. to Mr. W. H. Yorke, of 93, Belgrave Road, St. Michael's, Liverpool.

## A THRUSH'S LARDER.

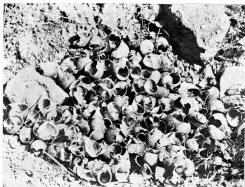
The dry summer of 1898 caused the thrushes to search diligently for their favourite summer food—snails. In a garden at Hayward's Heath, Sussex, close to a potato-bed and only two yards from the road, there were stacked some fagots. These fagots gave shelter to any amount of snails, until the birds found them out and proceeded to hammer them upon a large stone to break their shells. This done, Mr. Snail promptly disappeared, and the thrushes felt pretty full. After our photo. was taken (Aug. 31st), the shells were counted and weighed. There were upwards of 180, the weight being 1706. Mr. W. Herrington, of Church House, Cockfield, Hayward's Heath, Sussex, who sent us the photo., says that he often saw and heard the birds at work breaking up the shells, but was never successful in obtaining a snap-shot of them.

## A KEYHOLE PHOTOGRAPH.

The Rev. Geo. Eyre Evans, of Ochr-y-Bryn, Aberystwith, in sending us this unique photo., writes: "This is the interior of the famous Norman Chapel at Kirkstead, Lincs, where preached the Rev. John Taylor, D.D., the great Hebraist. Service has long since ceased in the building, the massive door being screwed up by order of the owner. Being very desirous of having a photo. of the pulpit, I had no



other alternative but to apply the 'nose' of my camera to the keyhole, with this result. The pulpit, sounding-board, reading-desk, and font have all come out splendidly." Which shows conclusively that photography, like love, laughs at locksmiths. But does not this open up grave potentialities?





A FALLING STEEPLE.

Some time ago it was decided to pull down the old First Presbyterian Church at Chillicothe, Ohio, and it became quite a problem as to how the steeple was to be taken down without danger to life and limb. It was the tallest in the city, and being roofed with slate, was very heavy. Finally, it was decided to attach steel cables to it and pull it over bodily. This operation was successfully performed, and Mr. Charles H. Doty, an enthusiastic amateur, secured the splendid snap-shot here reproduced. "For three days," he says, in describing the feat, "I sat on a roof at the lock of the chapel, waiting for the workmen to pull the steeple over. As it was in August, you can be sure I had a broiling time of it." We are indebted for this unique snap-shot to Mr. B. E. Stevenson, of the *Advertiser*, Chillicothe, Ohio.

#### AN AERIAL TRAVELLER.

The young man seen in this photo, is twenty-two years of age, and he is engaged in handling the heavy trunk line cable to a strong supporting wire. Seated on a travelling cross-seat suspended from a wheel, he travels from pole to pole, carrying with him the implements of his work. He has journeyed thousands of miles in this way—so far without a mishap. In the picture he is seen suspended some 60ft. above the railway, which runs below in a deep, rocky cutting. Our photo. was taken by Mr. W. H. Howson, of



Mount Vernon, New York, from the roof of his studio. The daring young traveller had never before been photographed at work, and was quite delighted with the picture. Photo. sent in by Mr. W. R. Yard, 156, Fifth Avenue, New York City.



A TOP-HEAVY YOUTH.

Here we have a curious snap-shot taken "from above." Mr. F. G. Taylor, of 11, College Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, who sent us the photo., writes as follows: "On developing the print I was surprised to behold the proportions of the head, which appears to be about as large as the rest of the body put together. Looked at from above, the feet and hands seem to be an enormous distance off, and the expression on the face is also worth noticing. It might represent anything, from concentrated thought to acute indignation."